

# AMERICA

## A·CATHOLIC·REVIEW·OF·THE·WEEK

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## Chronicle

**Home News.**—Employment and drought relief measures were pushed forward in Congress, though President Hoover's plans as outlined in his Congressional message

Relief Legislation were somewhat upset. The Senate voted \$60,000,000 to aid the drought regions on the score that the proposal of \$25,000,000 was not enough. The House Committee on Agriculture voted a bill carrying \$25,000,000 for drought relief and \$5,000,000 for storm-area aid, making half the \$60,000,000 voted by the Senate Committee. On December 9 the House passed by unanimous vote the \$110,000,000 Emergency Fund bill to accelerate public construction, and two days later it was passed by the Senate, though the President had asked for \$150,000,000. The Opposition to the relief bills was set in motion by Senator Walsh of Massachusetts as being insufficient to meet the country's needs, while Secretary Hyde on December 8 criticized the appropriation of public money for the purchase of food for man as perilously approaching the dole system. Further opposition came from fear of an increase in taxes because of the deficit the relief measures might entail. In this connection the President himself criticized certain members of Congress as "play-

ing politics at the expense of human misery," inasmuch as they wished to draw on the Treasury beyond the limits of legislation advocated by the Administration.

On December 10, with a brief covering message, President Hoover sent to the Senate the three protocols whose ratification would enable the United States to

enter the World Court. In his message the President said that he trusted that

"the protocols may have consideration as soon as possible after the emergency relief and appropriation legislation have been disposed of." The message and protocols were referred at once to the Committee on Foreign Relations, whose chairman, Senator Borah, said that the Committee would probably report them early in January, though the sentiment seemed widespread that there would be no decision during the present session of Congress.—A long-standing precedent was broken when on December 6 a Democratic victory forced the Senate Financial Committee to decide upon examining in open session three of President Hoover's recess appointees on the Tariff Commission: Henry P. Fletcher, Chairman, and former Ambassador to Italy; John L. Coulter of North Dakota, and Thomas W. Page of Virginia. At the same time it was generally conceded that nothing had developed which would lead to an adverse vote on the appointees when the nominations were taken up by the Senate.

In the first attempt to block the Administration's Prohibition enforcement program, the Wets in the House were overwhelmingly defeated by the Dry majority on

December 5 when by a standing vote of 106 to 54 an effort to stop the use of poisonous denaturants prescribed by

Prohibition and Communism the Government for industrial alcohol failed. However, on December 10 Dr. James M. Doran, Chief of the Industrial Alcohol Bureau of the Treasury Department, announced that a new denaturing element has been discovered which within a short time would make possible the elimination of poisons from industrial alcohol: a Californian petroleum product termed "alcotate" will be substituted for poisonous denaturants. The Wets were also defeated in their moves to reduce the funds for the Coast Guard and Customs in connection with Prohibition enforcement. Encouraged by their victory, Dry leaders at a series of temperance meetings in Washington resolved on a new militant nation-wide program of enforcement and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, on December 9, unanimously voted to reject any Prohibition referendum plan. At the same time Col. Amos W. Woodcock, Director of

Prohibition Enforcement, declared that for the holiday season, contrary to methods followed in previous years, Prohibition officers would center their attention rather on the big sellers and traffickers in liquor than on the non-commercial violators of the law.—The House Committee investigating Communistic activities continued its sittings, and witnesses revealed that the Communists' doctrine involves destruction of the Government and allegiance only to the Red flag and the "Workers' Government of the Soviet." Mr. William Z. Foster, member of the American Communist Central Committee, and several of his aids, all of whom refused to take the customary oath, admitted the membership of the United States Communists in the Soviet party. Mr. Roger N. Baldwin, Director of the American Civil Liberties Union, condemned the activities of the House Committee and upheld as a right the advocacy of force and violence to effect political changes.

**Chile.**—On December 10 an attempt was made to dynamite a train carrying President Ibañez and about one hundred other Government officials. The plot was attributed to radicals, and fourteen persons ranging from professors and students to lawyers and merchants were held. Loads of dynamite were deposited at the base of the bridge over which the Presidential train was to pass and the explosives were so arranged as to blow up the train and break up the bridge and thus throw both into the River Maipo, which was swelled to an unusually high point by reason of heavy rains. Secret Service Government employes were responsible for discovering the plot and preventing the disaster. Indignation was expressed all through the country over the attempt. It will be recalled that reports of serious unrest have come out of Chile at frequent intervals during the last few months, and that on September 21 an attempt was made by a group of Opposition leaders to start a revolution but that it was immediately suppressed.

**China.**—The Government continued inadequately dealing with the Reds and the bandits whose activities were reported to have broken out in several new centers. The Southeastern Honan province and the Northwestern Hupeh province were particularly disturbed, though Communist depredations continued in the Hunan, Anhwei and Southern Kiangsi provinces. In an attempt to curb Red activities eight Communists, including a woman, were publicly beheaded at Hankow on December 10. There was an unconfirmed report that a large force of Communists almost annihilated 20,000 Hupeh troops whom they surprised and attacked. The Fides News Service in a dispatch from Rome noted that seventeen new missionaries were captured or missing within a week, making the total number of forty-five priests and nuns in captivity or unaccounted.

**France.**—A protracted deadlock resulted from the defeat of the Tardieu Ministry in the Senate on December

4. After the refusal of M. Poincaré to attempt the formation of a Cabinet, President Doumergue called Senator Louis Barthou, pre-War Premier and later Minister of Justice, to the task on December 6. Two days later, on M. Barthou's failure, Senator Pierre Laval made an equally unsuccessful attempt, being blocked by the intransigence of the Radical and Radical-Socialist party, which on December 10 refused the offer of several portfolios except on the condition of the exclusion of M. Tardieu and the Right from any share in the Government. In the Left press, great emphasis was laid on the recent Oustric scandal, though it seemed probable that the investigating committee would discover that some members of most of the parties had been more or less involved therein. In spite of this screen, it became clearer as the impasse continued, that the opposition to M. Tardieu was based on a desire to wrest from his control the Interior portfolio, a powerful patronage post, and to block a more liberal construction of the anti-clerical legislation of the early years of the century. (In a by-election several years ago, M. Tardieu was the first candidate for the Chamber to promise support for the platform of the DRAC, for the restoration of full civic rights to Religious who fought for France in the World War, a promise which the anti-clerical Left has not forgotten.) —A revised count of the vote which defeated the Government in the Senate on December 4, showed an Opposition majority of only three votes, 143-146.

The tenth annual meeting of delegates of the National Catholic Federation, with representatives from all parts of France, took place in Paris on December 1 and 2, following a pilgrimage to the Basilica of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre the Sunday preceding. General de Castelnau presided at the sessions. Practical cooperation in the new social-insurance laws, protection of the rights of the family and the laboring classes, education, and kindred topics were discussed, and tentative plans made for the pledges which the Federation would offer to candidates for the 1932 campaign.

**Germany.**—The Bruening Government won several important victories before starting the Christmas recess. By a vote of 292 to 254, the Reichstag refused to dissolve the decree of December 1 for the enforcement of the Government's fiscal and economic measures under the emergency provisions of Article 48 of the Federal Constitution. It thereby accepted without alteration Chancellor Bruening's program of financial reforms. Again, by a margin of thirty-six votes, 291 to 255, the threats against the Foreign Minister, Dr. Curtius, were silenced and a no-confidence motion was defeated. Finally, it won a majority of seventy-two, 307 to 235 votes, against a Communist motion demanding revocation of the emergency decrees in force since last June. It was believed that the Reichstag's acceptance of Dr. Bruening's reform program was responsible for the "encouraging news" that American banks without exception and without any ado

Left Blocks  
Cabinet  
Formation

Plot  
against  
President

Red  
Menace

Catholic  
Action

Bruening  
Program  
Accepted



had extended short-term credits falling due on December 11 and 12. The Government was solidly opposed by Dr. Alfred Hugenberg's Nationalists, by the Adolf Hitler Fascists, and the Communists. It also lost the twenty-three votes of the Economic party, which seceded from the Government a few days before the voting. The Government's chief support came from the Socialists, Centrists, Bavarian People's party, People's party and State party. Its majority was forty-four less than that given it on October 17. While the Reichstag debated and voted, Communists were stirring up disorders in various parts of the country. The number of unemployed men and women had reached 3,500,000. The dole which 1,500,000 out of the 3,500,000 receive averages about \$5.00 weekly per family and runs only for the first six months after the loss of a job. Several hundred thousand received "crisis support," which is about half as much, for another three months. It was felt that there was every likelihood that the number of unemployed would increase to more than 4,000,000 and that, at least, one-fourth of that number would have little chance of escaping the pangs of daily hunger, in spite of the strenuous efforts which were being made to provide shelter and relief.

**Great Britain.**—Sir Oswald Mosley's statement, signed by sixteen other members of the House of Commons, demanding the formation of an emergency Cabinet of five members to rescue the country from its present economic plight, was important because of its political manifestations and not because there was the slightest possibility of its program being adopted. The statement predicted national disaster under the indecisive policy of the MacDonald Ministry. It urged the postponement of "the precipitate attempt to repay the war debts" by taxation, until the "industrial reconstruction of the country can be financed," and advocated the formation of a national economic planning-board for future prosperity, the mobilization of the resources of the State to assist in the development of new industries, an economic agreement with the Dominions in regard to mutual purchases, and the like. The five-member Emergency Cabinet would resemble the Coalition Cabinet formed during the War. Sir Oswald and his fellow-signers belong to the younger progressive element in the Labor ranks, more or less in opposition to Mr. MacDonald, but not allied with the extremist group of Laborites led by James Maxton. The younger members of the Conservatives were sympathetic to the statement, as were the greater number of Liberals, including Lloyd George. The statement was attacked as being too Socialistic and also as having a tendency towards the creation of a dictatorship.

**Ireland.**—Preparations for the Thirty-first International Eucharistic Congress, to be held in Dublin in 1932, are already far advanced. On November 30, there was read in all the churches of Ireland a joint Pastoral Letter urging the Faithful to cooperate in the work of the Congress by prayers and contributions. A general collection

was taken up as a help in defraying the general expenses. This was conducted by the Council of the Eucharistic Congress League, a board comprising a representative from each diocese in Ireland under the presidency of Dr. Harty, Archbishop of Cashel. At the time of its formation, the Council announced as its objects: to organize a crusade of prayer and frequent Communion in preparation for the Congress, and for its success; to devise means for the collecting of the necessary funds for the Congress; to organize, outside of the Archdiocese of Dublin, diocesan and parochial units to take part in the Congress proceedings. The appeal for funds to finance the Congress was answered generously by individuals and industries. The banks not only subscribed but offered their facilities in urging and receiving contributions to the general funds. The problems of transportation and accommodations present serious difficulties. A preliminary canvass of the parishes in and about Dublin revealed that upwards of 30,000 pilgrims could be housed and fed in private homes. But this number was later considered excessive; only one-sixth of the householders returned the questionnaire forms sent out inquiring about the number of guests that could be received. Applications for accommodations from foreign sources have been large. Thus, the Knights of St. Columba of Great Britain asked accommodations for 5,000 people, the Catholic Association of London for 2,000, and the Catholic Young Men's Society of Great Britain sent word that it hoped to have a representation of 10,000. Many of the dioceses and travel agencies of the United States and of Canada have also applied for reservations. The *Universe* correspondent stated: "Nobody here makes light of the enormous task that lies before the organizers of the Congress in providing for the feeding and housing of the visitors. Yet nobody doubts that the task will be successfully accomplished." Within the past month, the permanent officials of the International Eucharistic Congress visited Dublin for the purpose of surveying the arrangements made or being made for the Congress.

**Jugoslavia.**—About 130,000 peasants met on December 8 in Jellachich Square in Zagreb, Croatia, to demonstrate their loyalty to the Yugoslav State under the dictatorship of King Alexander. The meeting was convoked by Karl Kovachevich, formerly member of the Raditch (Peasant) party. The recent Italian measures against Italy's Slovene population were thought to have encouraged Croat enthusiasm for the new Yugoslav Government.

**Poland.**—President Moscicki accepted Premier Pilsudski's resignation and appointed Colonel Walery Slawek to the post of Premier, with the following Cabinet: Colonel Bronislaw Pieracki, Vice Premier; General Felician Skladowski, Minister of the Interior; August Zaleski, Foreign Minister; Marshal Joseph Pilsudski, Minister of War; Czeslaw Michalowski, Minister of Justice; Slawomir Czerwinski, Minister of Education; Leon Polczynski, Minister of Agriculture; Colonel Alexander Prystor,

**Mosley Statement**

**Loyalty Demonstration**

**New Cabinet**

**Eucharistic Congress**

Minister of Industry and Commerce; Alphonse Kuhn, Minister of Communication; General Mieczyslaw Neugebauer, Minister of Public Works; General Stefan Hubicki, Minister of Labor; Leon Kozlowski, Minister of Land Reform; Colonel Ignacy Doerner, Minister of Posts and Telegraph; and Colonel Ignacy Matuszewsky, Acting Minister of Finance. Colonel Beck, former Vice Premier and trusted aide-de-camp of Marshal Pilsudski, was given the task of Under-Secretary in the Foreign Ministry. The new Minister of Justice was charged with the responsibility for the imprisonment of former Deputies at the Brest-Litovsk fortress. An article by Andreas Strug, a former member of Marshal Pilsudski's Legion, asserted that the Deputies, who were prisoners at Brest-Litovsk on the charge of having made anti-government speeches, were treated as military convicts and were subjected to the harsh régime of a Polish military prison. M. Strug said that he could not give full details in his exposé without danger from the censors.

**Russia.**—Sentence of death was pronounced on December 7 on five of the prisoners in the Moscow political trial: Fedotov, Kalinnikov, Charnovsky, Lavrichev, and Professor Ramzin—the latter the chief actor in the defense; and ten years' imprisonment on the other three, Sitnin, Ochkin, and Kuprianov. The death sentences were commuted the following day to ten years' imprisonment, and the ten-year sentences to eight years. The fictitious character of Professor Ramzin's elaborate "confession" was seen in the simple fact that P. P. Ryabushinsky, a prominent Russian industrialist, whom he mentioned twenty-four times and through whom he claimed to have begun negotiations with the French Government in August, 1927, actually died in France in July, 1924.

**Uruguay.**—Final official returns of the Presidential election showed that Gabriel Terra, the candidate of the Baclista faction of the Colorado party, had been elected, as the Riverista candidate, Señor Pedro M. Rios, had not obtained the 17.5 per cent of the total vote cast for the Colorados which by previous agreement would have given him the election. The Nationalists, whose candidate, Louis Alberto de Herrera, was defeated, threatened to contest the election in the Senate on the ground of fraud, but it was not anticipated that their efforts would be successful. Actually, however, de Herrera received more votes than any other candidate, 134,177, but under the Uruguayan election law the votes of all four factions of the Colorado party are credited to the Colorado candidate receiving the highest number within the party.

**League of Nations.**—The Fides Service (N.C.W.C.), in a despatch of November 24, points out that four subjects of deep concern to Catholic missionaries in the Near East were discussed at the eleventh session of the League. Progress was made towards the abolition of slavery, the ratifications of the 1926 convention advancing from 29 to

34. Refugees in troubled Near Eastern areas were better organized. Progress was made in hygienic and medical studies in the Orient, and public opinion enlightened as to the startling extent of the illicit commerce in opium.

**Disarmament.**—The Preparatory Disarmament Commission finished its sessions and its own existence on December 9 at Geneva, bequeathing for the use of the future world disarmament conference, expected in 1932, a skeleton convention. Hugh S. Gibson, chief of the American delegation, urged in his final address that the different Governments frankly acknowledge the short-comings of this convention, while educating public opinion, as the only real cure, to further concessions. Following is a brief summary:

The convention agrees "to limit and so far as possible" to reduce armaments. Personnel is fixed. The limitation of trained reserves is not adopted, but left for future discussion. Land material is limited by budget expenditure; naval by both budget and quantity. Both global and category tonnage limits are fixed, but transfer privileges—from one category to another—increase in proportion to smallness of the navy. A committee of experts, sitting December 11, will work out a plan for limitation of annual expenditure of land, sea, and air forces. A permanent commission is to be set up to obtain detailed information on the observance of disarmament agreements. Poison gas and bacteria are to be banned in warfare. A clause to safeguard menaced national security is adopted.

Comments generally agreed that most of the commission's discussion hinged around the unchanging requirement of France and her group for security as the basis of disarmament.

**Reparations Question.**—At a meeting on December 8 of the board of directors of the Bank for International Settlements gold deposits with the bank by various central banks were announced for the first time. Two reports, one preparatory to establishing the World Bank as an international clearing house and the other outlining a project allowing it to grant one-year credits, were received and approved as a basis for future discussions.

Scope of  
World  
Bank

With the Christmas season still with us, two seasonal articles will appear in our issue of next week: "A Christmas Play of the Southwest," most amusingly described by Julia Nott Waugh, and "Old World Christmas Customs and Superstitions," which gathers interesting scraps from all the races of Europe.

Hilaire Belloc reveals the reason which, he thinks, explains "Why Protestants Do Not Use the Term 'Catholic.'" His comments are worth pondering.

Paul L. Blakely, S.J., explored Independence Hall with the aid of a guidebook and his accurate knowledge of American history. His article, "Relics of All Sorts," takes a pertinent turn towards the end.

Elizabeth Jordan tells about some current plays with wit and shrewd wisdom.

Mission  
Welfare  
Questions



# AMERICA

## A - CATHOLIC - REVIEW - OF - THE - WEEK

### SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1930

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#### The Birth of Christ

GOVERNMENT is upon His shoulder and His Name shall be called the Angel of great counsel; with Him is the principality of the Prince of Peace, and He is clothed with strength and girdled with power. His Name is ineffable; He is the Second Person of the ever-adorable and most Blessed Trinity, and He has come upon this earth to establish a mighty Kingdom. But as this gladsome Christmas Day dawns upon us, and we kneel once more at the Crib, it is our deepest consolation and joy to think of the Incarnate God as a little Child.

As a little Child the Angels and the Evangelists speak of Him. To Matthew and to Luke, He is the "infant," "the child," while the Angels bid the shepherds seek "the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger," St. John calls Him, "the Word made flesh," and to St. Paul, who gives us the Epistles for Christmas Day, He is "His Son," "the goodness and kindness of God." In the Epistle read at the second Mass, the great Apostle, looking upon Omnipotence in swaddling clothes, reminds us that He has appeared to us "not by the works of justice which we have done, but according to His mercy," so that we who have sinned may not fear to approach.

Thus throughout all the grandeur and magnificence of Christmas Day, the Church invites us in the words of the inspired writers to approach our incarnate God, not in fear, but with great love and perfect confidence. God has so loved the world that for us Bethlehem exists, and the manger, and in it, His only-begotten Son. Soon the Babe of Bethlehem, will be the Child at Nazareth, and then will come the days of His public ministry, encompassed, with toil and sorrow, and a love that is infinite, for every human creature, and at the end of His earthly pilgrimage, Calvary rises and the Cross. Love is the inspiration of all that He did and suffered. Between the love manifested

by the Man of Sorrows, and the love that is shown at Bethlehem, there is no lessening and no augmentation, it is true, yet to our poor human eyes that have grown weary looking upon a garish world, there is a sweetness and consolation as we kneel with Joseph to look upon the Babe on His Mother's breast.

Rightly, then, has the world made Christmas Day a time of peace, joy, and good will. God has given us His only Son, and more Omnipotence cannot do. The Child at Bethlehem is the surety for all that Almighty God has promised His people; in that surety is peace for the soul weighed down by sorrows for which there is no human solace. Looking upon the Child, we know that God is our Father, Who hath care of us, and while we now see as in a glass darkly, we know that whatever may befall us in this time of pilgrimage, all will be well, if we hold fast to the teachings of His Divine Son.

That the love and peace of Bethlehem may be the portion of all our readers, is the prayer of the Editors.

#### Aliens and "Persons"

THE latest proposal of the Prohibitionists, at least of the group for which Dr. Clarence True Wilson speaks, makes us gasp. These gentlemen propose to drop all aliens from the number of persons, upon which, according to the Constitution, representation in the House of Representatives is based.

This change could be made by an Amendment to the Constitution, but Dr. Wilson does not care to wait until the said Amendment can be proposed and adopted. His idea, apparently, is that Congress shall take summary action.

The First Article makes no mention of aliens. It provides that "Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States . . . according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons." Untaxed Indians, therefore, are directly excluded, and every slave once counted for three-fifths of a person. But it is clear from this article that the Constitution does not make "person" synonymous with "citizen."

The general principle that odious exclusions should not be presumed, is supported by the practice of the last one hundred and forty years. Every reapportionment has been made on the theory that the alien was a "person." Mr. James M. Beck observes that when in 1787 the delegates to the Constitutional Convention rejected the plan to authorize Congress itself to fix the basis of apportionment, they quite unconsciously rejected the proposal of Dr. Wilson in 1930.

The change may be worth considering for its own sake. But we think that another motive stirred Dr. Wilson to make it—the fear of the hostility of the populous manufacturing States to Prohibition. But even more interesting is the proposal to base apportionment on the number of votes cast in the respective States. When it is remembered that in many "Nordic" localities citizens rarely go

to the polls, and that in States containing a large percentage of aliens, the proportion of voters to inhabitants is very high, it becomes evident that this plan is capable of producing some results that would not please Dr. Wilson.

### The Moron or the Broker?

THE medical profession may know Dr. Abraham Myerson, of Boston, very well and favorably. If all his lectures are as full of wit and common sense as that which he gave in Chicago some weeks ago, we wish that he would talk more frequently to the common herd of the laity.

Dr. Myerson does not believe that morons are the force which spread waves of crime all over the country. Most crime, he thinks, is caused by individuals who are clever enough to avoid detection and arrest—in fact, clever enough even to escape suspicion. "One intelligent stockbroker can do more harm through his manipulation of the market than all the mentally diseased persons in the State of Illinois," said Dr. Myerson. "That disposes of the contention that the mentally diseased constitute a major criminal problem. No, they just happen to get caught more often than intelligent people." As for surgical operations, Dr. Myerson holds that "sterilization of the unfit" is not justified. To begin with, we do not know enough about the facts, general or particular, to allow us to say that this procedure has any value. It might also be added that, in a given case, there may be sharp difference of opinion as to fitness or unfitness.

The remarks of the Boston specialist reflect the relinquishment in scientific circles of the theory that a great, perhaps the major part, of crime in this country, is due to mental instability, or to physical conditions easily removed by the surgeon's knife. The criminal most dangerous to society is the man who, developing the intellectual faculties to their highest pitch, eliminates from the process every principle of religion or morality. Intellectual culture does not guarantee, or even directly foster, upright living, any more than it gives swiftness of foot, or skill in playing the saxophone. Illiteracy may mark the small fry, but it is not, most assuredly, the hall mark of the successful criminal. The warden of a Federal penitentiary once remarked to a group of visitors, "My boys here are the 'boobs' in the profession. The leaders in crime, the specialists, you will probably find in our best apartments, or in retirement upon their estates. They do not know what the inside of a prison looks like."

Until the influence of the Sunday-supplement scientific school of thought wanes in this country, we shall have large groups who believe that crime can be done away with by teaching every child to read, write and cipher, and so attain to the bachelor's degree. All who are unable to acquire sufficient proficiency in these useful arts, must be trundled into a laboratory where they will be deprived of their criminal tendencies by doctors of philosophy and assorted scientists. It is pathetic to observe the omnipotence which the uneducated and the self-trained attribute to science (although if pressed, they would be quite unable

to explain what they mean by "science") and to the power, hardly less than omnipotence, of an act of the legislature. Only a few years ago, these obtuse, but well-meaning people seriously urged the legislature of one of our greatest States to replace a number of the State and city courts by boards composed of psychiatrists and "scientists."

Meanwhile the State has one remedy at hand which it persistently refuses to use. Less empty talk about science, and a training in religion and morality for every child in the schools, means fewer criminals. At present, that training is denied to at least ninety per cent of our children, and after nearly a century of paganized public education, we have more criminals than any other country in the world.

Happily, opposition to this alleged education grows stronger day by day. May it grow strong enough to restore throughout this country the Christian and American principles upon which all our schools once rested.

### The Padre of the Rains

ON December 8 there passed away at the University of Santa Clara a Jesuit priest, unassuming but internationally renowned as an astronomer and meteorologist. Past eighty when the end came, Father Jerome Sixtus Ricard had been a member of the Society of Jesus since 1871 and for more than half a century associated with the Mission institution.

Thirty years ago the "Padre of the Rains," as he was familiarly known, interested himself in solar physics and, after a decade of observation of sunspots, enunciated the theory that they are correlated with the earth's atmospheric changes and afford a key to successful and accurate long-distance weather forecasting. Initially the good Padre's discovery met with ridicule but eventually it won approval from distinguished men of science and the venerable priest lived to see the day when learned societies in Europe and America felt honored in his membership and scientific journals welcomed his scholarly contributions.

Father Ricard's achievements stand out the more because his astronomical research was mostly done in the moments he could take from his priestly work and burdensome scholastic tasks and was carried on not merely in the face of scientific opposition but without material conveniences to facilitate it.

That men of science are necessarily unbelievers and that the Catholic Church is the adversary of scientific progress are statements that enjoy popular credence. Father Ricard's history refutes both opinions. To him as to the Psalmist the heavens showed forth the glory of God. Instead of finding his Catholicism obstructive of his studies, he felt that in their pursuit he was but living up to the best traditions of the Church and his own Order.

His initial interest in astronomy he directly traced to his Jesuit confrere of Creighton University, the late Father Rigge, and he found positive stimulation in his work from the Santa Clara atmosphere where he had such distinguished Jesuit scientific co-workers as Bayma, the



mathematician; Neri, the electrical wizard; Cichi, the chemist; and Bell, the physicist.

Now with the most of them, for only Father Bell survives, the Padre of the Rains will rest in the little cemetery of the Mission town. His memory, however, will remain in benediction, and his younger brethren, whom he himself has trained, will perpetuate his work for the welfare of humanity and the honor of the Church.

### A Forgotten Vocation

**W**HAT can be proved by careful manipulation of statistics is nothing less than marvellous. That, possibly, is the reason why an argument based on figures powerfully influences the lay mind. Statisticians themselves are reserved and canny, knowing how easy it is to change a price tag.

With this fascination guarded against, we recently perused the results of a survey conducted at the University of Kansas, apparently by the registrar. To the 1075 "co-eds" of the University, that official propounded a series of questions, the general tenor of which can be summed up in the query commonly propounded to young ladies in their first pinafores, "What are you going to be when you grow up?"

So interesting are the answers that we should like to see a similar survey in all our colleges for women. Of the 1,075 students, no less than 561 replied that they intended to teach after taking their degree. Eighty-four were preparing for journalism, 80 for nursing, 60 for mercantile work, 16 for medicine, and 15 for law. No answers were filed by 136, and 123 were "undecided."

In all, 36 professions had been chosen by about 800 students, a fact which shows how wide a range of work is now open to women. Fifty years ago, the field was decidedly narrow. In those days, women engaged in some form of domestic service, or took up an avocation connected with it, such as dress making; or, in the case of the better educated, they qualified as teachers. Only a few studied medicine, and fewer still law. Today, women in the ancient learned professions excite no comment, while your architect, your builder, your decorator, or your contractor, may well be a woman. A woman may buy or sell for you in the market, scrutinize your loans at the bank, or foreclose without mercy on the old homestead. And, unfortunately, the number of women gainfully employed in other engagements grows larger year by year.

This necessity doubtless explains why out of the 1,075 students at Kansas, only seven chose the most important of all callings for women—that of homemaking. Here, however, we must beware of putting too much faith in statistics.

The tabulation shows what these young blue stockings averred. It throws no light whatever upon what they meant. It is quite possible that in Kansas the old decorous usages, commonly termed mid-Victorian, still hold, and these, as is well known, do not permit a properly brought up young lady even to think of the possibility of marriage, much less to state her views on the subject for statistical purposes. The very mention of the matter might induce

fainting, or, among the more robust and advanced, a blush or a simper.

Applying the corrective, after the manner of the statistician, we conclude that these young ladies, or the majority of them, said internally, when confronted with the questionnaire, "Why the very idea! As if it could be any of his business!" Thereat they sternly chose architecture, agriculture, journalism, and zoology, as their respective careers. But deep in the hearts of most of them, we are sure, is the thought of a home of their own, and a husband to take care of, and children to cherish, and meals to be cooked. Which, God bless them, is as it should be.

Some of these days, perhaps, modern science, or what passes for science, and is most certainly modern, may find a better occupation than homemaking for those girls whose vocation is not for the life consecrated by the vows. But we doubt it. Nature will have her way, in spite of the test tubes and the laboratory. After all this pother about self-expression and individuality has died out, women will continue to express themselves in creating homes, the holiest places on earth next to the sanctuary, and to find their individuality enhanced by developing sundry other little individualities for God and country.

It's a pretty fine job, this of homemaking, a job worth the best that any woman, however gifted, can bring to it. The best part of it all is that most women like it.

### Notre Dame's Victory

**A**CCORDING to the newspapers, Notre Dame won a great victory out in California two weeks ago. It was a perfectly played football game. The eleven young men representing Notre Dame not only executed the most complicated manoeuvres, but executed them perfectly. Victory followed as dawn the night.

But that was the lesser, the unimportant victory. The real victory that day was won back home.

When the final score came over the air, the students organized to celebrate. Young blood is hot, and young muscles must be served. The hot blood took the boys to the shop of a betting commissioner who had dared to offer odds against their team. The street filled, the police were summoned. Tear bombs and other weapons were assembled. It began to look as though young muscles would be served by tearing the commissioner's house up by the roots.

At this interesting juncture, a Notre Dame prefect arose to address the boys. To divert a thousand youngsters of the male persuasion from doing the one thing which they deem must be done, if the sun is to rise again, is a task to daunt Demosthenes himself. But the University orator did not flinch. He knew his audience. "Such things," he said, "are not done by Notre Dame men." Thus he spoke, and was silent. He could say no more, for his audience had dispersed. The boys had gone home.

That is a perfect example of true as distinguished from bogus college spirit. It was Notre Dame's real victory on December 6.

# The Changeling and the Christ Child

JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.

THE changeling, we are told, is an elfin creature which malign powers slip, by night, into the cradle of the stolen baby son and heir. The mother, when she later presses the changeling to her breast, finds she has embraced a pig, or a hedgehog, or some other unwelcome object. From what we know about these beings, it looks as if an attempt had been made to slip a changeling into no less a place than the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Its fairy godfather was Judge Lindsey, of companionate-marriage fame. Evoked, or brewed, or whatever way changelings are prepared, during a long period of ferment; brought tenderly to New York and introduced to its future clerical sponsors, it was hurried into the Cathedral of a Sunday morning, past the squadron of police who had scanned the Judge's portrait, and cast at Bishop Manning's feet at the moment of his benediction prayer. Result? The changeling was ejected, and the godfather bidden to repair to the West One-hundredth Street police station the following morn.

To speak no longer in likenesses, I will say that the changeling is Judge Lindsey's doctrine on marriage; or rather, against marriage. The sum and substance of this doctrine is, that what people in general are doing, or what people really feel inclined to do, must be legalized. Why call it a changeling? Because it claims the innocence, the gentleness, the friendliness to youth of the Christ Child. It claims His innocence by a very simple process: that of denying all moral guilt. "I do not want to destroy marriage," says Judge Lindsey. "On the contrary, I want to preserve it." But the process of preservation is singularly like the process that Herod used to preserve the (supposedly threatened) life of his son and heir Archelaus: Innocence is slaughtered under the guise of being protected. The Judge's recent increasingly radical pronouncements have shown what to think of the professions of harmlessness that he made when his ideas were first objected to in Colorado.

The idea is brought forth as a great peacemaker. There will be no more marital dissensions, no more broken hearts, no more collusions for divorce. The young will mate and unmate at will, and all will be serene. All this is asserted; but far from being proved. Nothing is said of the door opened by companionate marriage—destitute as it is of any sacred pledges of parenthood—to infinite collusions, endless misunderstandings, tragic wrecks of lives; first loves cast in the mire, never to be regained. And the children which, in spite of the parents, come from such experiments, God help them! Their only refuge is precisely that to which this inhuman doctrine is driving them, the arms of the paternalistic State.

Now the sad part of it is that this doctrine *has* found a hearing amongst those whom the Cathedral represents, and is not going to rest until it forces its way into the Cathedral itself. All decent men and women applaud the Bishop in his earnest attempt to keep the changeling

out; but will he succeed? His church has abandoned all teaching authority, save of the vaguest and most inconclusive sort. And its disciplinary authority is correspondingly weakened. The changeling is finding his way into the Cathedral, because the Christ Child is no longer there.

For there is no Child Jesus in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. If you visit that great edifice on Christmas Day, you will find a wonderful commemoration of the Child Jesus. The very stones speak of Him; for their exquisite forms are modeled on the piers and arches, the carvings and lintels, of countless great temples where He did live for centuries. His memory is renewed in glorious carols sung by trained choristers. His story is told eloquently by preachers; and prayers are uttered in His Name. And His teachings are not all forgotten. Shortened and attenuated as they are by long stages of misbelief, many of their greatest lessons are still recalled. The creature is called upon to praise his God; the sinner called to repentance; the Christian enjoined to believe in and to adore the Redeemer. But His Presence has been absent for four centuries from all that scheme of worship. And now the time has come when the knocking on the door grows more insistent. The mere memory of the Christ Child does not suffice. With naught but His memory, and that an uncertain one, remaining, there is no inner defense. The changeling can force his way in if his godparents knock long enough.

Why cannot such a changeling enter a Catholic church? Because Christ's Presence is there, and with His Presence, is His rule. The Christmas Mass this year, the Christ-Mass, will, I think, have a new significance for those who watch the trend of the times. The millions who throng to our Catholic churches come not simply to recall a Divine story of long ago. They come into the august Presence of One who lives and reigns today, and gives audience Christmas night to His friends as He gave audience to Shepherds and Kings of old. Against a doctrine, a theory—an illusory, glittering, unsubstantial something, forever changing, forever taking new and uncouth forms—He offers that which the modern world craves for, a Person, not an idea; a Fact, the fact of His love; a Presence in the living actuality of the twentieth century, not a memory merely of something in the remote past, always growing more remote.

For the Christ Child alone is always modern. Over every theory, every newly polished doctrine, steals inexorably the rust of age. George Eliot and Georges Sand, pre-Lindseyites of the past century, are as old today as Rousseau, as the Euphuists and the *Précieuses Ridicules*, as Aristophanes himself. But a few turns of the wheel, and companionate marriage will be a relic for antiquarians to ponder over.

The point, however, of this Christmas meditation, is not that it is simply a lovely thing for our children to have the Christ Child to visit and talk to. All that loveli-



ness I leave to pens more skilled than mine: to artists to paint, to poets to sing; to preachers to expand upon. The point is that His Presence, and the Rule that His Presence both requires and connotes, is the child's sole guarantee—of what?

Sole guarantee, in the first place, of physical existence. This changeling's plan is not merely to vex children, but to deny them the right to enter the world at all. The little one who, at the Christmas Mass, turns his gaze from the white Host upon the altar to the little Infant in the Crib, sees in the latter a visible representation of the Presence of One who is the sole adequate protection for that child of those natural moral laws by means of which he actually was able to find a place in this world: to exist.

This Presence is the sole guarantee of the child's right to education, in the full sense of the word. The Christ Child alone can, through His teachings and through His grace, make sure that this child's parents will take in him a personal interest and that *his* interests will be sacrosanct in the home, and not be submerged to selfish motives, to worldly ends, to exploitation for fashion or display. Only the Christ Child can make sure, if His Rule is paramount, that the earthly child will be educated to know his Creator; the purpose of his existence; the meaning of life and life's duties and dangers; the Revelation, the love, and the Providence of God. Only the Christ Child in the school, as well as in the Church, can make sure of these things in a child's life.

But there is a further thought; and one right Christ-massy. Some day that child will have to make his way in the world. The problem of livelihood will confront him. The question will come up of his right to *continued* life, of a full and honorable life; of the life of his own future home, his own family. This livelihood will have to be made in a world of self-seeking men; a world guided by the spirit of greed, not the spirit of justice or love. What guarantee will he have that his livelihood will be protected; that his own rights will be safeguarded? To whom has the poor man to look for his rights?

To the State—all-wise; all-beneficent? Its promises are fair. Well; we have heard some of them of late; and seen how much there is in them. State paternalism in turn is a changeling; or rather simply the same old changeling, taking another and grander form. Again instead of a living Person, a theory, a doctrine is offered; based, as of old, on the belief that what men feel to be right emotionally, is therefore right. Such a doctrine is based on no objective law, no eternal and unchanging truth. And the child who grows up and is forced to commit himself to such tender mercies will be as disillusioned as the couple that have allowed the marriage changeling to pollute their home.

Only One can guarantee the rights of the poor: One who Himself, being infinitely rich, became poor, and emptied Himself of all His power and grandeur, that He might know what it was to be weak like us.

The changeling may come with all the pomp and pride and publicity that you can want; with the backing, per-

haps, of the law of the land itself. But the child and the poor man will, in the end, see through the illusion. Its fate will be that of Archelaus. About this person the Gospel tells us that when St. Joseph returned from Egypt, "hearing that Archelaus reigned in Judea in the room of Herod, his father, he was afraid to go thither"; which is enough said about Archelaus. Says of him St. Fulgentius, Bishop of Ruspa, in the office of the Church (Sixth Day after Epiphany):

Archelaus was born in a palace, Christ at an inn; Archelaus was laid in a silver cradle, Christ in a manger. And yet the wise men sought, not Archelaus, but Christ; they did not even name him that was born in a palace, but when they found Him that lay in a manger, they fell down and worshiped Him.

On Christmas night and morning the Christ Child, renewing His life's sacrifice, will conclude His great work of atonement and homage by descending into the hearts of millions of Catholic children in the United States. He is preparing them now for the grim struggle that they will have to face in later years, in behalf of their own rights as men and women, and in behalf of the rights of their own children as yet unborn. Changelings and Archelauses can find no foothold in Catholic churches while these still remain Catholic. But we may well pray, at coming Christmas-tide, that they do not tempt our youth to follow them out into the wilderness.

## A Best (Apple) Seller

MARY GORDON

**T**HIS is a difficult story to begin in the right place: The late November sun was slowly setting as Jane Doe walked out of the newspaper offices of the *Daily Eagle* and rounded the corner at Washington and Johnson Streets in Brooklyn, New York.

From habit, walking swiftly because of happiness, she collided with a young man. Mutual apologies. Jane claimed the blame, was politely assured it was okeh, and started on. The young man stood still.

"Can it be he is hurt?" Retracing her steps she noticed a box of apples at his side bearing this sign:

UNEMPLOYED

BUY an

APPLE

5c.

Questioningly she proffered a dime: "I want an apple, please."

"Yes-'m," handing her a large rosy Jonathan and preparing to make change.

"No change. Instead, tell me; are you a regular apple seller, and if so, *why*? You look more like an office man than a street salesman."

Have you ever seen a soft breeze travel over a field of growing wheat? So imperceptibly it starts you do not notice it. You only see it in action. The wheat bends according to the strength of the wind, straightening so quickly in the golden sunshine that you wonder if you have seen the kind hand of God waved across the grain, leaving in its swift passing fleeing shadow and pursuing sunshine.

That describes the look upon the young man's sensitive face as if for a split second he bent before the storm of life, then straightened to march sturdily on.

"Your change, ma'm," holding out a five-cent piece. Without the accompanying rapier flash from his keen eyes Jane knew it was her move.

"Talk to me," she said, ignoring the glacial glance. "You must have met with wholly unexpected trouble to be selling apples, clothed as you are. I know what loss of fortune and soul-searing anxiety means. I know how much harder it is to be poor after a lifetime of security. Are you married?" Gently fought unbidden tears in her eyes brought a sudden answering mist in his.

"Forgive me my rudeness, ma'm," contritely. "All day long I have stood here and you are the first person who has stopped to say one word to me. It is my first day at this work and it cuts like a new razor blade. I—I—"

"I know," Jane answered. "This is a lonely hour of the day. And kindness simply swamps us when we are most unhappy, for it is then that we are apt to stand upon the very brink of despondency; it is when we are in trouble that we run a grave risk of becoming cynical and bitter."

"I would not mind so much if I were alone," he protested. "But I have a wife and a baby son. Thanksgiving Day was our second anniversary. I am twenty-seven years old and see where I am!"

"I do not ask what your religious belief is," said Jane irrelevantly. "That matters not now. Deep in our hearts we all *know* that God does watch over us and that He *will* take care of us. We . . ."

"I am a Catholic," he interrupted sturdily.

"I, too, have that good fortune."

"I was born and reared in St. Paul, Minnesota," he volunteered.

"And my only son, younger than you, is a priest in Wisconsin."

"One of my two living sisters is a Dominican nun, teaching in Minneapolis," the young man continued.

"And one of my two daughters is also a Dominican nun, teaching in Chicago," Jane answered.

They stood a moment, this young married man and this woman not so young, looking at each other with friendly eyes. And between them the unseen flame of their age-old Faith burned like a beacon light of hope and cheer.

Then, a large lady wearing a coat the price of which would have paid the young man's salary for at least three years, stepped slowly out of a car of a foreign make at the nearby curb.

And at that identical moment Christian charity and urbanity began to function full tilt.

"Please buy an apple," Jane suggested, filled hands outstretched as she stepped into the path of the large lady with the exceptionally beautiful coat.

"Are *you* selling apples? A cool voice and a wintry smile.

"At the present, yes." The large lady hesitating: "And I can assure you, before God, that I am selling apples in a very worthy cause."

"Give me one. No change. I wish you success." She passed regally on, leaving a crisp five-dollar bill in Jane's palm.

"God bless you," Jane thanked her.

"I do not believe in God," half-halting with firm chin held a bit too high.

"God give you faith in return for your charity," amended the amateur saleswoman.

The large lady in the expensive coat had given the young man far more than the five-dollar bill. Renewed hope and courage flaunted their happy signals across his boyish face. And she had started a brisk run on his wares.

As his box rapidly emptied, more confidences followed: seven years in New York City, two years married, a baby boy ten months old, he in company with eight more men, all under thirty, had been unexpectedly laid off "until times were better" in large offices in the midtown section.

After weary weeks of unsuccessful job-hunting he had started that morning selling apples. Two dollars and forty cents profit he would make on each box. Thanks to the large lady in the lovely coat he had sold one box and made more than the regular amount.

He had one sister in the city. Her husband held a fairly good position on Wall Street. They had three children, all babies, yet she called once or twice weekly, never empty-handed. And her husband had insisted on their celebrating their second anniversary at his home. And to insure their accepting the invitation he had called for them after Mass on Thanksgiving Day.

When the pride of the young people who were knowing actual hardship rebelled, these fine people claimed their charity was for the baby in the cradle and that it was no affair of the grown-ups.

"Do not feel it too keenly, their helping you," admonished Jane (who was Lucifer's own sister when it came to pride), as the sensitive face of the young man again betrayed far more than he realized.

"But ma'am, in justice to them . . . when can we repay them?"

"Take what they give you," Jane insisted. "It is a long lane that has no turning. Your little son in his cradle, whom they claim they are really giving to, may live to stand at the altar of God—a priest. Offering *one* Holy Mass for them and their dear ones, he will have repaid them a million-fold. Far more.

"Oh—ma'm—if only . . ."

"You do not know. No one knows save God," Jane told him. "No man or woman is worthy to be the parent of a priest or a nun. And God needs so many more of them, especially now, to help Him to help and instruct His dear people. Instead of worrying over your future as you stand here in the chilling wind trying to sell apples to an apt-to-be-thoughtless throng, try keeping spiritual tryst with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. He is often lonely, often forgotten . . . often sad. The hard days that you are knowing can be turned into supplications for a God-given future for your little son. Take my apple home to your wife and tell her . . ."



"I'll tell her that selling apples is the hardest work I have ever done in all my life," he said with thorough conviction.

"No. You tell me how she tries to cheer you. Let me tell you that even as she speaks so courageously to you her own heart may lie like lead within her bosom. I know women."

In the subway homeward bound, a forced listener to the Christmas plans of two young girls, Jane Doe tried to pray fervently for her lovely country. She admitted that the young man whom she had collided with could in all truth tell his wife that apple selling was hard.

But somehow, thinking of his kind, sensitive face, with its clean, firm jaw, she knew that he would not.

## If Christ Came Now

WILLIAM I. LONERGAN, S.J.

ON the first Christmas the Saviour "came unto his own and his own received him not." Though the Expected of the chosen people for whom their patriarchs had sighed and their prophets prayed, "when the fulness of time was come" and Christ appeared in their midst "there was no room for him in the inn." True, this rejection of Him may have had extenuating circumstances, for His advent was so out of harmony with the traditional notions about the Messiah, especially in the late period; but thirty years after, deliberately and with a consciousness of His blessed personality, "because he made himself the Son of God," their chief priests repudiated Him and His message. "Away with him," they cried: "let him be crucified. We have no king but Caesar."

However, in spite of the treatment afforded Him, the Lord finally got a foothold on this earth of His, if not personally, at least in the Church that He founded, in His teaching, in His disciples. "The stone which the builders rejected" became, in truth, "the head of the corner," and the Galilean conquered. And with His triumph, though the process was long and arduous and only achieved after the rich blood of His generous martyrs had become the seed of Christians, the face of the world was changed. Almost in their literalness were the prophecies fulfilled that "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb; and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the calf and the lion and the sheep shall abide together, and a little child shall lead them." The darkness of paganism gave way to the light of the Gospel, the door of faith was opened to the Gentiles, and with light and faith came Christian culture and civilization with all that they implied of "peace on earth to men of good will." The shackles were loosed from the slaves, woman was exalted, and the charity of Christ was made practical in the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, for "justice and peace had kissed." Substantially we had a Christian world,—one faith, one morality, one obedience, one hope and one ambition. Where the new religion had not established itself it was rapidly penetrating.

So things went until the blight of the sixteenth-century Reformation checked the advance of Christianity. From then on, hastened by the errors that followed in its wake, the destructive work of rejecting Christ anew advanced apace until, among English-speaking people at least, we have reached the sad but logical situation of finding millions of men and women Christians in name only and

pagans for the most part in their principles and practices.

This is no fancy of the imagination nor need one be a pessimist to feel that if Christ were to come to earth this Christmas of 1930, particularly to our own United States, He would find our contemporary civilization in strange contrast to the policy of the Kingdom He established and, what is worse, falsehood parading as truth and vice as virtue, ostensibly in His name and with His sanction.

Christ's program is unmistakably clear from His words recorded in Holy Scripture. The reality that is so much in contrast with it, is a fact that even the most superficial cannot but observe.

"I came that I should give testimony to the truth," Jesus says of Himself. "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Yet we have today men and women still, because they will not submit themselves to "the pillar and ground of truth," Christ's infallible Church, asking Pilate's question: "What is truth?"

"I came," again Christ says, "that they may have life and may have it more abundantly"; and: "this is eternal life, that they may know thee, the only true God." But we have countless atheists in our midst denying even God's existence, and agnostics professing that they know Him not, and intellectuals scoffingly substituting for Him a god of their own making. They are bereft of supernatural life: they have not faith which is its basis, for "he that believeth not the Son shall not see life"; and they have no supernatural nourishment for that life, for they drink not of the water that He would give them that "shall become in him [who drinks] a fountain of water springing up into life everlasting." Neither do they eat of the bread of life,—"my flesh for the life of the world." Our Lord announced: "I am the living bread that came down from heaven . . . unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of man . . . you shall not have life in you."

Christ desired that men should esteem their souls more than their bodies. "What doth it profit a man," He queried, "if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his justice," He taught. Actually, men think little or nothing of their souls. Those that follow the new psychology practically reject all notion of an immortal soul, and far from seeking the kingdom of God first, they do not seek it at all. They live for this life. They deny that immortality which the voice of their conscience unmistakably proclaims for them."

Christ emphasized for His followers the great law of love: "The second commandment is like unto the first, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And: "A new commandment I give you that you love one another . . . By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, that you love one another." In their brethren Christians were to see Him, for "whatsoever you do to the least of my brethren you do it unto me." We look around the world and we find domestic discord, we find civic discord, we find religious discord. There is much prating of the brotherhood of man, but the rich and the poor are enemies one to the other; employer and employe are ranged in a conflict that threatens an upheaval for society; nation is jealous of nation; and actually in private war, and banditry, and gunning, we have men destroying each other's lives. It is generally admitted that we of the United States are today the most lawless people in the civilized world.

The kingdom of Christ was to be characterized by detachment and poverty of spirit and by self-denial. "Blessed are the poor in spirit," were the opening words of the Lord's Sermon on the Mount. And treading closely after them came that other startling injunction: "If any man would be my disciple, let him deny himself and follow me." The very antithesis that we witness all around us is greed and selfishness. The poor are covetous and those who have the wealth of the world are avaricious for more. Men live for pleasure and comfort and ease. All would loll in luxury; while for many their "god is their belly," and they lust mightily for the pleasures of the flesh. Even the Christian household knows little any more of the simplicity of the holy house of Nazareth, and giving for the joy of giving in Christ's name, is a lost art.

Christ made a plea for the stability of the home and for purity of life and for the edification of the little ones. "What, therefore, God hath joined together let no man put asunder . . . He that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck and that he should be drowned in the depths of the sea. . . . Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God." Today evils are rampant which threaten the sanctity of domestic society; morality is taboo; and men and women bring up children without God and without morals, thus threatening the United States with a generation as brutalized and degenerate as the youth of Soviet Russia after a decade of atheism and immorality.

Christ came that men might learn to be meek and humble and gentle. "Blessed are the meek," He prophesied, "for they shall possess the land." "Learn of me," He said, "that I am meek and humble of heart." But men are swollen with pride of intellect and petty vanity. To be humble is a check on aggressiveness; and meekness retards efficiency! The gospel of turning the other cheek is a gospel of another generation. Now men do unto others as they fear they may do unto them but they do it first.

Christ established a kingdom, the kingdom of His Church; He solemnly enjoined that all men should belong

to that Church; He gave that Church authority to teach and legislate in His name; and at the head of the Church He appointed His own personal representative, Peter; and he bade the world affiliate with and hear and obey that Church and follow Peter. "Go," He said to His Apostles, "teach ye all nations. . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. . . . I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world. . . . He that heareth you heareth me and he that despiseth you, despiseth me. . . . He that receiveth whomsoever I send receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me." To Peter He said: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it and to you will I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth shall be loosed also in heaven and whatsoever you shall bind upon earth shall be bound also in heaven." He bade him, "Feed my lambs . . . feed my sheep."

Yet Christ's Vicar is repudiated and His Church ridiculed. Men refuse to belong to it. Some who profess to belong refuse to hear its teachers. Its doctrine is questioned, its legislation disdained, and obedience to it withheld.

In four centuries the Christian world has gotten far from the Master that it professed to follow; its pulpits are prostituted by blind leaders leading the blind to error and falsehood; its literature vitiated; its morals debased. We still speak of ourselves as Christians but our neopaganism out-pagans the paganism of the great empires of antiquity, for they lacked what we have had, the blessing of the light of the new dispensation to show us what is right and the graces that it offers in a Divinely established sacramental system to help us to do what is right.

In some respects the Christmas panorama that we paint is dismal and drear. The remedy, however, for the world's defects is simple. Men have turned away from Christ and the first Christmas. They must turn back to Him; the life and health-giving Physician; and not with any partial, half-hearted, compromising turning, taking from His doctrines what they like and rejecting the others, but with a whole-hearted submission to Him in His representatives, the Church and the Pope, for their guidance in faith and morality. The reconstruction of ancient paganism was achieved and the reconstruction of the neopaganism can be achieved. St. Paul in the Christmas liturgy points the way: that men should "cast off the works of darkness . . . deny ungodliness and worldly desires . . . live soberly and justly and godly."

The joy of the first Christmas will never be realized ("joy to all the people"); the glory that was predicated for God will never be given ("glory to God in the highest"); peace will never abound on earth, ("peace to men of good will"); and the Babe of Bethlehem will never literally be man's Saviour ("this day is born to you a Saviour"); until we come whole-heartedly to measure up to the Christ's command: "Follow me. I am the Way, the Truth and the Life."



## Wu Ting Fu's New Trick

IRVING T. McDONALD

"WU TING FU," remarked the property man, "has a new trick."

He laid the property plots for the new week's show on the desk and pointed to an item on the magician's requisition sheet.

"You see? He never called for anything like that before!"

The property man was right, as all property men are. In all the seasons that we had played Wu Ting Fu's act, he had called for many extraordinary things to be ready against his coming. Once it was a billiard table, another time five pianos, again two dozen sets of false teeth, and always he wanted large glass bowls of goldfish, which he would produce from a lady's silk fan three times daily, and four on Saturday. But never, until now, had he required a laundry basket and a full-sized pillow.

I felt called upon to give utterance.

"You are right, good property man," I said. "Wu Ting Fu has a new trick."

He bowed low and left my presence.

This all took place Once Upon a Time, when Monday was opening day. And on Monday I waited eagerly to see Wu Ting Fu's new trick. I sat through the acrobats (My, Grandpa, what a long memory you have! Did you really live in those days?), the song-and-dance team, and several other well-meant offerings, and then, in unison with those members of the audience to whom the word had already spread, I sat forward expectantly as the annunciators were changed to read WU TING FU—ORIENTAL ILLUSIONS. And in another moment his richly robed figure was bowing, smiling and addressing us unintelligibly.

First he walked politely out of his commodious brocaded outer garments, and left them standing sheepishly in the middle of the stage. For he was a very honest magician, and would not deceive you by hiding things up his sleeve, as less scrupulous prestidigitators are wont to do. Then he began to do very impossible things, such as drawing live poultry out of people's chins, where you'd scarcely expect to find them; sawing a lady in half without a word of complaint from the lady's relatives; and causing a large apple tree to grow in the middle of the stage with hardly any warning and no preparation to speak of, and then changing the apple tree into a highly colored paper rainbow through which a score of white pigeons flew out over the audience holding silk American flags in their bills; which, of course, would be the finish of any act, let alone a magician's. And so the curtain closed in on him without a sign of the new trick. For all he had done was what he had always done, year in, year out.

I was backstage before he had finished taking his bow. And when we had shaken hands I said to him accusingly, for I felt that I had been put upon:

"Wu Ting Fu," I said, "what about this new trick of yours? What about it, I repeat?"

He pretended not to grasp my meaning. Oh, but didn't Bret Harte understand his kind, though! But I let him know that I wasn't to be fooled, and when I had explained myself with sufficient particularity, he gave up trying, and admitted the new trick, basket, pillow and all. Upon being pressed, he grinningly claimed that Keating's bird-cage trick was elementary parlor magic compared to Wu Ting Fu's new trick.

My curiosity was aroused to fever pitch. When could I see it? How long must I wait? Would he put it in on the supper show?

But he shook his head firmly.

"No can show new tlick in public velly soon. I show you new tlick in dlessing loom."

And he led the way up the two spiral flights of iron skeleton stairs to Room Fourteen. He tapped and sung out something, and Mrs. Fu responded with a few well-chosen words from within. Mrs. Fu stepped out from behind a Chinese screen as we entered, and we exchanged what I feel free to call ceremonious bows, as that seems to be the only kind that Chinese ever become involved in.

We talked for a minute or two on things in general, and then Wu Ting Fu inserted quite a long statement in Mandarin. When Mrs. Fu looked up at me again with a bright smile, I gathered that she had just been told the purpose of my visit. I was about to declare my admiration for her husband's art when a new voice, seeming to come from behind the screen, spoke up, also in Chinese.

"Goo," it remarked. "Blur-r-r glub goo."

Mrs. Fu folded the screen back out of the way, and Wu Ting Fu, pointing to the laundry basket that was now revealed, bowed and announced proudly:

"New tlick!"

And a pair of shiny black beads squinted up at me over the side of the basket.

Vaudevillians are aware of Christmas, but its outstanding effect upon their consciousness is that they have to do one more show that day than they did the day before. The number of holiday performances is probably four, and they can happen just often enough to prevent the performer from removing make-up, changing into street dress, and escaping into Christmas for a little while. So he makes the best of it.

Just before the matinee on Christmas Day I climbed to Room Fourteen with a toy for New Trick. Sometimes backstage looks like the floor around a giant's Christmas Tree. For if certain types of acts are on the bill there will be piled and scattered about in orderly confusion such things as children dream about the Night Before. Queerly painted houses, shiny horns and enticing bass drums, cannons, perhaps, and bicycles and fire engines, striped peppermint sticks with the girth of telephone poles, even, it can be, a live elephant or two swinging their trunks monotonously. But this week our properties were unin-

teresting. A couple of kitchen tables for the acrobats, and Wu Ting's modestly veiled and indistinguishable apparatus, that was about all. This week, I reflected, the grown-up children who inhabit this end of the house will have to use their imaginations.

They had already begun to do so. It seems that others had thought of New Trick, too, for I found him the sober center of a playful group, and the laundry basket was so full of a number of things that you couldn't see the pillow. The make-up shelves were a hopeless jumble of stuffed monkeys, grease paint, cornucopias, cold cream, toy guns, crêpe hair, candy canes and other matters. And in a corner of the room a trunk was reared on end without regard for its contents, to make a pedestal for a little Christmas Tree, tinsel, lights and all. Performances of noisy and exciting character were being given before the basket throne of New Trick by a German tramp acrobat, a Jewish adagio dancer, an over-weight soprano, a Negro tap dancer and a female impersonator. Others were on the landing outside, waiting for room to come in. And Mr. and Mrs. Wu Ting Fu were doing the happy parents to perfection.

At the supper show it seemed to me that all was not well with Wu Ting Fu. He was less animated than usual, and less sure of himself. And right in the middle of one of his best tricks, when the whole house was hushed expectantly, there came a sudden loud wailing from some unseen quarter above him. It was cut off abruptly, as if a door had shut on it. Wu Ting Fu missed the trick.

I went around back at once. Gussie, the big German acrobat, was coming down the dressing room stairs, and he was crying.

"Dot leedle Chink kid—dot's dying. Dot's dying, und me—hand stands and back flips should I gotta make now?"

He pushed by me and took his place in the first entrance while the orchestra went into Wu Ting Fu's bow music. I climbed hastily, but the Oriental somehow got by me on the stairs. He hadn't waited to take any bows, and the music had changed to "hurry" for the acrobats' opening.

Mrs. Fu was sitting on the floor in the middle of the dressing room, surrounded by the toys and gimcracks of the morning, with New Trick in her arms. His little face was flushed with fever and he kept up a piteous wailing. Wu Ting Fu bent helplessly over them, making little nervous starts with his hands, as if he'd like to do something magic, but just couldn't bring it off. The Christmas Tree in the corner and the festive confusion of the room were tragically out of place.

New Trick, I pieced together from the various performers who stuck their heads in for a minute in hasty passage between stage and dressing room, had been ailing all afternoon, and had become noticeably bad about six o'clock. They thought at first it was too much excitement, so everybody cleared out and left them alone. But he had grown worse, and horribly hot . . . A doctor had been sent for, but none had come.

I promised to get a doctor at once, and started out the door on the run. The property man squeezed up by me

at the head of the stairs, and as I crossed the now darkened stage I could hear him up there demanding to know what was the matter with New Trick.

What with trying to locate a doctor, answering phone calls, and one thing or another, it was a half-hour before I could get back. As soon as I could, I left word with the doorman to rush the doctor right through the house as soon as he came, and started down the side aisle myself. The house was in darkness, and the news weekly was on.

As I opened the door and stepped up over the high threshold between the auditorium and the stage I observed some very extraordinary phenomena. The big German acrobat was no longer weeping. His grief appeared to have demented him, for I give you my word, he was hugging the adagio dancer. The female impersonator, for some unrecognized reason, was laughing hysterically and shaking hands violently with the corpulent soprano, who was not only permitting it, but was emitting a Christmas carol at the top of her lungs. The door of Room Fourteen, I observed, was open, and a shout of laughing burst out of it.

At the top of the stairs I met the property man again. He was chuckling to himself, and acted embarrassed.

"He wanted to pay me," he said. "Can you beat that guy?"

"For what? What's happened, anyway?"

He gave a little laugh again.

"Aw, they wasn't nothin' th' matter with the kid," he said. "He was gettin' a tooth, that's all."

"But what," I required to know, "did you do about it?"

"Me? Oh, I just rubbed it through—that's all. Y'see I got a flock of kids of me own. That's only one of the things you learn."

## Our Bill Saw Santa Claus!

ELLA M. E. FLICK

"**H**E is asleep—at last!" The loveliest lady in the world tiptoed to my bed, drew the covers high about me, and sighed in relief.

"And an unconscious long time he took to get off," said my father. "Nearly ten o'clock! When I was a kid I went to bed at seven."

"But not on the night before Christmas," said my mother.

I lay very still. I scarcely breathed. My father was dragging in the tree, bumpy-bump, bumpy-bump, up the hall right into my room. My mother followed him, her arms full of shining balls, red, green, golden balls. The tree towered above them, the prettiest tree I ever saw in any forest. They began to put the glittering balls on the branches until my room looked like fairyland. Oh, they had a wonderful time together! It made me sick to have to lie there asleep while they had so much fun!

Above the edge of the quilt tucked up all around my eyes was a spy hole through which I could peep at my mother. She wore her party frock and looked like a queen or a princess. She was very happy, I guess, because



Santa Claus was coming. Her eyes shone like the little silver stars she hung on the tree and her cheeks were red as the balls. She lifted a big angel out of a box; she held it tight in her arms; she reached up to my father and said, "Remember?" My father took the angel, came down off the ladder and he kissed my mother. "Six years," he said, sort of husky-like. "Does it seem possible our Bill and that angel will be six tomorrow, dear?" I guess maybe that angel must have brought my father and mother good luck. And I guess somebody or other must have given it to them the same night they got me, because I am Bill and I came on a Christmas day! My mother says I was a Christmas present.

After a while they set gifts all about the tree—some for everybody. But not one thing for me! I could not see very well, because of the quilt all about my eyes and above my head, but I heard my father say, very sadly, "Too bad Santa does not supply big folks with presents, too." He must have had to buy my mother something. He picked up a little white package and shook his head over it. "That neat little trinket for you set me back a cool hundred." My mother just laughed. "Nothing compared to the automobile I had to buy you," she said. They giggled just like I do sometimes, only I get sent to bed when I do it.

While they trimmed the tree my father hummed Christmas songs and Christmas hymns, getting louder and louder all the time until my mother said, "Hush, you will surely wake him up." "Not that kid," said my father, "he knows better." "Just what do you mean?" asked my mother. "Nobody with any good sense would waken up in the middle of a Christmas eve performance," said my father. He used a lot more big words but I cannot remember them. "You are so silly," said my mother, "the child is sound asleep." You could see that she thought my father a very wonderful man just the same. And he really is. He is as big as Santa Claus and much better looking. Mother says he is the handsomest man on earth.

Then the bell rang, sudden and sharp, and I nearly fell out of bed with fright. My father went out to see who it was and did not come back for ages. While he was gone my mother talked to the little angel on top of the tree; talked soft and low, sort of whispering.

"This tree is for my Bill because he has been a good boy. He knows all about Christmas, about the little baby Jesus born in a stable in Bethlehem, about the shepherds who followed the star and the Kings who brought Him gifts. Tomorrow I will take Our Bill to see the crib. I will let him kneel beside the little Infant Christ. Our Bill will wish the baby Jesus, the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph a very Merry Christmas."

And while my mother talked, while my father was away answering the bell, while we were all alone just the two of us, it happened! Santa Claus came! He came hurrying in out of the night. Santa all dressed up, with a whole bag of toys, candy, jingling bells and snow on his cap and coat. He stood in the middle of the floor and blew a whistle. . . . It was terrible hard to stay asleep! Maybe perhaps he shouldn't ought to have blown

that whistle. Mother leaned against the wall laughing, or crying, or both together. Maybe perhaps she was excited seeing him so sudden-like. "My, but you are the noisy man, Santa," she said, all shaky and nervous. "That kid sure has good nerves," said Santa. "What do you feed him, lady?" "His father sees to that," said my mother. "His father is a very strong-minded man."

They filled every chair and table and corner with toys for me! Mother told Santa what a good child I was, and how obediently I went to bed, and to sleep, especially on Christmas eve! She told him to be very generous and to give me heaps of toys so that I could give some of them to the poor little children in our alley. She also told him not to stay too long because she had to get up for early Mass.

Just as he was leaving, Santa did a very funny thing, the strangest I ever saw. I wish my father had been there to see! He reached over and helped himself to one of my father's new Christmas cigars! My mother would not let him light it. "Not here," she said, "go down stairs and smoke it with my husband." The two of them were too busy arguing to notice me, so I had a very good look. Santa was laughing all over his face! As he went out the door he snatched down the quilt and looked right into my eyes. My, but I was glad I was asleep! "Merry Christmas, old actor," he said. . . . Wasn't that the funny Christmas Greeting?

## Education

### Loyola Blazes a Trail

JOHN WILTBYE

WHEN I picked up my *Chicago Tribune* for December 5, 1930, I remarked to myself, with Celia, "O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and after that out of all whooping." For straggling across the top of the page in stern black Roman I had read the caption, "Loyola Abolishes Intercollegiate Football"; and beneath the caption was the picture of a sterner and blacker Roman. At first sight I took the gentleman to be a miner rescued after a week's imprisonment in the sooty depths, but on closer examination I discovered that it was the Rev. Robert M. Kelley, S.J., president of Loyola University, Chicago. We were at Wittenberg together many years ago, and as an old friend I do protest that the *Tribune* picture ought to win damages from any right-minded jury.

But the report was substantially correct. After consultation and careful consideration of all the pertinent facts, Loyola University has abolished intercollegiate football.

The matter might be left where Father Kelley has left it. But as it has been discussed with approval or disfavor by half the newspapers of the country, some comment in this Review will not be inopportune.

It appears fairly clear that Father Kelley's view of the place which athletics may and should have in the college coincides substantially with the opinions expressed editorially and occasionally in signed articles in AMERICA.

Father Kelley believes that football, as it exists in the colleges "does not serve the chief purpose for which athletics should be fostered in schools, namely, for the sound health and physical development of the entire student body." The president then states what to me, and doubtless to thousands of lay observers, is the real reason why nothing less than the complete abandonment of intercollegiate football can possibly do away with the grave abuses which in many localities have become integrated with the game. "We believe that the present emphasis placed on football is endangering the true ideals and right purposes in education."

There we have the heart of the matter.

The administrators of the American college have long been puzzling over the question raised by the extraordinary interest of the public in college football. In substance, the question was whether it was possible for the college to fulfil the intellectual and religious ideals of the founders without the aid of a football team capable of winning most of its games. It was alleged that such a team was demanded by the American boy. Unless it could be supplied, prospective freshmen would consult Spalding's "Guide" and matriculate in accordance with the scores. In that case, what would become of the ideals of the pious and learned founders?

It was plain, then, that if a college desired to teach history, Latin, biology, literature, philosophy, religion, and the rest, it must secure the endowment of a good football team. Education waited on the coach, and without a good one, there could be no real progress. Invariably, these arguments ended in a reference to the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and rarely failed to point out that most football players were positive bookworms off the field.

Whatever the force of this, and of similar appeals, the argument won by five touchdowns. Playing fields were surveyed all over the country, and their costs were counted in millions. The secondary schools were raked and sifted for good "football material." Coaches were secured, to be retained with an advance in salary after a good season or dismissed ignominiously after a bad one—and now and then differences of opinion as to the amount due were aired in the courts. The one thing necessary was to win, and for a very good reason. The public would not pay to see a losing team, and while these amateur college games were not conducted for gold, without gold they could not be staged. Colleges with high-priced coaches, with fields not yet paid for, and with outstanding bills from the supply houses, shuddered, and then swallowed their last scruples.

For three months every year, college football monopolized the newspaper sporting pages. Colleges did not become known for brilliant teachers, tireless research men, earnest undergraduates, and high standards of literary and scientific excellence, but for their football teams. Plunging fullbacks and fairy-footed ends occupied the stage. The dedication of the new library might win six lines, tucked in among the used-car ads, but the appearance above the horizon of a star among forward passers, hitherto hidden in the voids of space, was good for at

least a column. Colleges became purveyors of public entertainment, and on this side—not to speak of others—the games became as frankly commercial as Benny Friedmann, and as foreign to the purposes of an educational institution as a bucket shop in the office of the dean.

For such baser evils as scouting and subsidies, arising from commercial, sporting, and other demands upon college football, the Carnegie Report may be consulted. Deduct sixty per cent, if you will, from the sum of the indictments. What remains is ample to show that college football needs, more than anything else at the present time, college presidents with the vision and courage of the Rev. Robert M. Kelley, S.J.

Father Kelley has not registered a mere gesture of despair. He has, on the contrary, announced an athletic policy so simple, inclusive, and constructive, that one wonders how any other can be tolerated by a college. For the intercollegiate game, Loyola University will substitute intramural football, using the sport as a means of physical development. But football will not crowd the spotlight. It will be but one item in a well-rounded program which includes track work, basketball, wrestling, boxing, bowling, golf, and swimming.

These activities will be graded and supervised by the department of physical training. The instructors do not propose to specialize with students who may show unusual aptitude for any of these exercises; their work will be to afford every student in the University proper means of physical development. Or, as an old graduate writes me, "Our policy will be based upon the only reasons which, it seems to me, justify college athletics at all—recreation and the physical well-being of the 7,000 students at the University. The abolition of intercollegiate football will help us, we think, to get all that is good from physical exercises, contests, and games, and to avoid the evils which so easily attach themselves to college athletics."

Loyola's approval of a plan which opens athletic exercises to all the students, and probably makes some forms obligatory, will do more for the *mens sana in corpore sano*, so dear to the apologists of the prevailing system, and for the real interests of the University, than ten years of unbroken supremacy in intercollegiate football. *Emphasis shifts from a centralized system, rotating around a winning football team, to a system in which every student has some activity.* The new policy makes commercialism in any form impossible, it promotes the physical well-being of all the students, and it assigns athletic contests to their proper place in the academic world.

How many college presidents will follow Father Kelley's example, the next six months will disclose. The attitude of the alumni and, in some cases, that of the faculty as well, must be ascertained. Very much indeed depends upon their loyal cooperation. But I am sure that many college executives who now hold back, envy Father Kelley's calmness in facing this problem, and his courage in taking the means to solve it.

Father Kelley deserves well of all the colleges. He has served them not by panegyrics, but in blazing a trail



back to sanity. By abolishing intercollegiate football at Loyola, one of the leading schools in the Middle West, he has presented the colleges with an opportunity which, if used, will prove to be the most valuable Christmas gift that has fallen to them in many a generation.

## Sociology

### Bethlehem's Poor

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

THE Divine Master Who was poor and in labor from His youth has told us that the poor will always be with us. He did not mean that we were to contemplate the fact of poverty with well-fed equanimity, as though it were normal and, all things considered, desirable, that some should feast and others fast. He did not mean that we were to read such stories as the following, and then turn away with a shrug, as from something that did not concern us:

Starvation claimed a victim yesterday morning in a Brooklyn family of nine, the three wage earners of which had been out of work since last Summer. Frank Perrone, 2 years old, youngest of the seven children of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perrone, was found dead in his crib. Dr. Lavenberg, of Unity Hospital, said the child had died of malnutrition. Charles, Jr., 23, has been unemployed for six months. The father, 47, a shoemaker, has not worked since June, and Rose, the oldest daughter, 19, has not been able to find work since August.

Police of the Atlantic Avenue precinct were told by the father that due to a long period during which no money had come into the house, the savings of twenty-five years of married life had been used up. There was no money for a funeral, Mr. Perrone said. (*New York Times*, November 8, 1930.)

Here we have no tale of wastrels who, according to smug optimists, had been receiving huge sums in wages, to lavish them on silken garments and motor cars. It is the story of an industrious and sober wage-earner who, after years of work, had saved a few dollars, but had no money for a funeral when his little boy starved to death.

Considering the matter further, the story is fairly illustrative of the condition of a large number of wage earners in this, the most opulent country in the world. The heavier burden, it is true, falls upon the unskilled worker, but the burden of the trained artisan is not much lighter. Dr. Paul H. Douglass has shown that for a family of five, an annual income of from \$1,600 to \$1,800 is required for a minimum of decency and health. But in January, 1929, the average rate for unskilled labor was about forty-five cents per hour. On the basis of a nine-hour day, this would return a wage of \$4.05, or \$24.30 for a fifty-four hour week. An unskilled worker can make, then, \$1,239.80 in a year of 306 working days. But the generous portion of 306 days does not fall to all. Dr. Douglass calculates that unemployment will reduce the already insufficient full-year wage to about \$1,050, or from \$500 to \$800 under the minimum required to keep a man and his family decently.

The drop may, of course, be greater. The late Dr. Leila Houghteling, in an investigation of "several hundred families whose wage earners were almost continu-

ously employed during the year, showed that in sixty-nine per cent of the cases the earnings of the head of the family were insufficient to support those who were actually dependent." Even when other sources of income were added, such as the wages of wives and children, and the sum paid by lodgers, "the total family income was found to be, in no less than forty-five per cent of the cases, insufficient for the needs of the actual families, on the scale which the Chicago Charities regarded as a minimum."

From these groups, not only destitution but social and moral anarchy is never far away. Even when its forced transformation from a social to an industrial unit had practically destroyed the family, the combined earnings barely sufficed, in a majority of cases, to buy bread. In a large minority, they did not suffice. The evils arising from the introduction of roomers and boarders have been repeatedly demonstrated, and are too well known to call for further emphasis. Even more grave is the growing custom, which many in this country now regard as wholly proper, of driving every member of the family from the home at the earliest possible moment, to become a wage earner in a shop or factory, or to engage in a street trade, or in some form of unskilled labor. This tends to destroy the home and, in consequence, all the real welfare of the community.

As I showed last January, when branding the damnable economic atrocities recommended by the Louisville Industrial Foundation, and similar embodiments of godless commercialism, the community or the nation which does not vigorously stamp out these immoral and anti-social customs, is digging a pit into which it must inevitably fall. The danger is not remote. It is on us.

The estimates arrived at by Dr. Douglass were cited by Mr. Homer Folks in one of the sessions of the White House Conference last month. It was then pointed out that in only three industries was a wage level of about \$1,700 maintained. Two large industries studied fell short of this minimum by about \$800. The already too low family income is further reduced by illness, and by industrial accidents. When the list of killed and injured can reach, as it does with us, an annual total of about 2,000,000, it is clear that the influence of this factor in increasing economic distress is very considerable. To many a wage earner a protracted illness or a surgical operation means unpaid rent, and a ragged and hungry wife and children, dependent upon casual or statistical charity for doles that can keep body and soul together.

The Perrone case, then, emphasizes two burdens from which the wage earner suffers in this, the wealthiest country of the world — insufficient income and recurrent unemployment. Against neither of these evils have we made proper provision on a scale sufficiently flexible to respond readily to changes in economic stress. The need of this provision has been presented convincingly by Catholic students, who have never failed to insist that the basic principles of every arrangement must be justice and charity. But their voices have been as the voices of men crying in this wilderness of injustice and cruelty. When will they be answered?

Within recent years, it is true, some of the larger employers of labor have been giving consideration to ways and means of insuring year-round employment. The success that has followed the practical application of their programs, is still open to some doubt. But very much has been gained in the conclusion that continuous employment is good not only for the worker, but for dividends. Unfortunately, however, too many manufacturers do not yet realize their responsibilities to the worker; speaking in New York some weeks ago, Dr. Sumner H. Schlichter, of the Harvard School of Business Administration, referred to this inertness almost in a tone of despair. "The 200,000 manufacturers of the country will never take the responsibility for dealing with technological unemployment, or the displacement of workers by machines," said Dr. Schlichter. "They have taken no action to deal with it. In the Nation and in the States, and in almost every State they have fought attempts to do so." And he added:

Yet this is the easiest kind of unemployment to deal with. The problem can be met by directing young workers into the right channels, thus keeping old workers from being crowded out. This requires a well-organized labor market, and adequate labor exchanges.

I should prefer to think Dr. Schlichter somewhat pessimistic in his indictment of the manufacturers, although his accusations can doubtless be laid upon many shoulders, and fit there. Some effort has been made to establish continuous employment, and I believe that many manufacturers are considering the industrial code proposed at the same meeting by Mr. Morris L. Cooke. This code advocates a definite guarantee of employment for a specified number of months per year, with provision of funds to make payments to workers, in case the guarantee period is not filled, as well as a compensation wage for wholly unavoidable displacement of employees. Further, the code condemns the practice of discharging workers because of age, as most harmful both industrially and socially.

Here we have at least beginning of a plan that rests on justice and charity. On no other basis may any program, designed to relieve the necessities of Christ's brethren, Bethlehem's poor, safely rest. For none other is Christian, or even human.

Christmas can mean little to us if it does not turn our hearts and our minds to Christ's poor. "Our hungry brothers in the dust," millions of them, labor in this land of unexampled wealth almost without hope. Seeing their children die of starvation, they must beg for a box wherein a wasted little body may be put, and then follow it, past the gleaming monuments of the rich, into that plot of God's own earth which is set aside for those who die as Jesus died—in destitution. Looking upon the Crib at Bethlehem, let us resolve that with God's help we shall do what in us lies to provide that none of Christ's little brothers and sisters shall go hungry or in neglect, or be ill-treated, or sent into factories or be put on the streets, or deprived of their right to know what a home is. Only they who love the poor and fight for the poor, can be blessed by the Child in His sweet Mother's arms.

## With Scrip and Staff

THE circumstances of Bethlehem are forever renewed, in the Church. Her greatest works, by which Christ is born in places where he was hitherto unknown, begin in caves and loneliness. Mother Theodore Guérin, Foundress of the Sisters of Providence of St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana, wrote to a friend in France of her arrival, with her companions, on October 22, 1840, at their destination in the Diocese of Vincennes. The Bishop of Vincennes, who had invited them over, sent them at once to a remote place in the country.

We suddenly stopped in the midst of a dense forest. Night was falling. No village, not even a house was in sight. . . . We had planned to pay our first visit to the Blessed Sacrament and not to speak to anybody until we had been admitted to the Real Presence of Our Saviour. There we would offer Him our thanksgivings, and would consecrate anew our lives to His holy love and service. Father Buteux guided us. We followed him in silence to the church. The church! . . . the stables for housing animals are palaces in comparison.

The Sisters of St. Mary-of-the-Woods remind the Pilgrim that "Indiana has two Causes for beatification before the Sacred Congregation. One is Mother Bentivoglio, a Poor Clare of Evansville; the other, Mother Theodore Guérin." They also write:

The fourteenth of next May, our Servant of God will have been, we like to think, seventy-five years in Heaven. We are hoping to have a decree for the occasion of this Diamond Jubilee and beg your prayers that our hopes may be realized.

The writings of Mother Theodore Guérin have been approved by the Sacred Congregation. A volume of her letters and journals is now being prepared for publication, which we expect to have in print by May.

In the short biographical sketch prepared for her Cause in 1914, by the Rev. Alphonse J. Smith, now the Right Rev. Bishop of Nashville, there are a couple of paragraphs which are worth volumes.

She became exceedingly well versed [in her girlhood] in Church History, the Sacred Liturgy, and Spiritual Doctrine; the Holy Scriptures were her delight to the end of her life. . . .

In coming to America her only request was that her Community should have the daily Sacrifice of the Mass. With that she felt she could bear anything. "When we have our good God with us," she would say, "we are strong."

While external works engaged her largely, the perfecting of her Sisterhood was her greatest concern. Religious instruction was her dearest occupation. For solidity of doctrine and deep ascetic thought, she had been called by eminent theologians a second St. Teresa.

"It is always upon nothingness that God is pleased to rear His works," was one of her mottoes, doubtless in recollection of her first night in Indiana. She also reminded her Sisters: "Always and everywhere you will find people who will try your patience and you will try theirs—except in Heaven." And many other wise things besides. If she can be added to the album of the Blessed, America will have a very practical example of sainthood to follow.

THE foregoing is a postscript to what I wrote on November 1 of actual and proposed American Saints. Another friend sends me a postscript to the Pilgrim's dis-



cussion a fortnight ago of Latin, as a practical international language. Father Coakley, of Pittsburgh, took up the cudgels vigorously for Latin in a paper which was read at the Twenty-fourth Annual Meeting of the Classical Association of the Atlantic States, held in Pittsburgh May 16-17, 1930. It is printed in the *Classical Weekly* for December 8, 1930. He first calls attention to the use of Latin as a living language in Rome of today:

In Rome there are about forty national Colleges affiliated with the various Universities. In all there are about 5,000 ecclesiastical students in the Eternal City. They come from every quarter of the earth. . . .

In Rome I did not hear any language but Latin for four, five and six hours a day for five long years. Professors and students spoke it with an ease, a fluency, a facility, and an eloquence that was amazing at first, and then became a matter of course, as our ears became attuned to the soft-flowing phrases that rolled from their lips with liquid limpidity. . . .

One phase of instruction in Rome is of particular interest. It is the practice of requiring the pupils to translate classical Latin into colloquial Latin. Instead of being required to render one of the famous odes of Horace into Italian, the pupil is required to pull it apart and to recast it into colloquial terms, and to explain in Latin the why and the wherefore of it all. This produces an exceptional facility in thinking, speaking, and writing Latin. . . .

I have been in classrooms in Rome where young boys from Persia and Arabia and Turkey and India, lands as far as possible removed from Latin influence in their language and environment, were studying Vergil and translating his majestic lines into familiar Latin prose. I was astonished to see these pupils of twelve to fourteen years of age translate perfectly, in less than an hour, 140 unfamiliar lines of Vergil.

The same writer believes that in this country "we are scarcely ever anything but translators . . . whereas in Europe they feel the force of the language, they do not pull sentences apart in Latin any more than we analyze a sentence in English. . . . They, without any mental effort, enter into the inner beauties of the Latin tongue."

The fact that there are some twenty-six different nationalities in the Diocese of Pittsburgh has led to the interesting fact that both in the city and the diocese Latin is used as a living language in familiar conversation "not only by the seminarians who are preparing for the sacred ministry, but also in oral and written communications between the Bishop and his clergy."

DEAN ANDREW F. WEST, of Princeton, adds a postscript to the celebrations of the Vergil bi-millennium by asking, in the *New York Times* for December 5, why the common English spelling "Virgil" should not be retained. Virgil, like the French and Italian forms of the name, was derived from the later Latin Virgilius. We have anglicized Horace, Pliny, and Livy, not to speak of "Tully."

Virgil is a good English name established by long and wide usage. To change it to Vergil is a bit of tiny precision which ignores ages of literary association and the historic life and growth of language.

Geography, as a commenter on Dean West's letter points out, is still more liberal: Anglicizing the names of such cities as Florence, Rome, Moscow, Vienna, etc. Still, the case against "Vergil" is far from proved. Holy Cross College, not apt to leap lightly in matters classical, celebrated like most of the others, Vergil, not Virgil.

STILL another postscript is at hand, this time to Chesterton. It would be hard to find a more adequate summing up of Chesterton than is contained in the noble tribute which was written by Paul Claudel, Ambassador of France to the United States, in the form of a letter to the Rev. Michael Earls, S.J., Professor of English at Holy Cross College. The occasion was a book which is being prepared in commemoration of Chesterton's recent visit to Holy Cross. The following is a translation of M. Claudel's letter:

REVEREND FATHER:

I am delighted to bring my salutations to the great poet and the great Christian, G. K. Chesterton, during his tour of the United States. His books, for the past twenty years, have never failed to bring me joy and refreshment: and this feeling of regard is so tender and unusual that approbation is linked with admiration.

During the past century, Catholicism almost everywhere has had to sustain an attitude of defense: it preferred to take shelter in the past and in forms of refuge, or, as one might say, in chapels severely cloistered and ornamented with rigid refinements. Chesterton thoroughly understands that in our religion Mystery is wed with Evidence, and our eternal responses with the most pressing and present exigencies. He is the man that threw the doors wide open: and upon a world pallid and sick he sent floods of poetry, of joyousness, of noble sympathies, of radiant and thundering humor—all drawn from unfailing sources of orthodoxy. His onward march is the verification of that Divine saying: "The Truth will make you free."

If I were to state his essential quality, I would say that it is a sort of triumphant common sense—that *gaudium de veritate* [joy in the truth], of which philosophers discourse—a joyous acclaim towards the splendor and the powers of the soul, those faculties that were overburdened and numbed by a century of false science, of pedantic pessimism, and of counterfeit and contra-fact. In the sparkling and irresistible dialectics of a great poet, he keeps always bringing us back to that infallible promise of Christ: And I will refresh you: *Et Ego reficiam vos*.

CLAUDEL,

Washington, November 11, 1930.

The Pilgrim—to add the last postscript—once heard M. Claudel, on a lovely summer's day, moralize over the general uselessness of writers, as far as the Kingdom of God was concerned. Indeed, he compared them to some highly destructive insects. God's work was to be done through the quiet of holy contemplation, not through the agility of the pen. Disquieting as these words were, I judged that they were uttered in a Claudelian sense, in that spirit of paradox which he shares with his trans-Channel confrere. The letter just quoted proves, I think, that my intuition was not far wrong. THE PILGRIM.

#### WINTER HOPE

This I have learned from the gray fallow fields of sod  
And the gray heaven's clouded eye:  
Under the sullen grass, under the dead folded clod,  
Somber and stiff like a shroud,  
Rich life, rich stores of succulence lie,  
And light behind the cloud.

So, down these wintry darkening paths no more I go  
Complaining, with disheartened tread, but stilled  
Into a waiting silence, eager and careful and slow  
Of every step of my feet,  
Listening to catch the first low note of new song, thrilled  
With hope of its rhythmic beat.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

**WATCHERS**

No, they were never quite the same again,  
 Those shepherds of that dim Judean field;  
 Old restlessness, old frailties, old pain  
 From hungers of the soul were somehow healed.  
 For always, watching, they would see a light,  
 And always, listening, would hear a song;  
 And evermore from night to dismal night  
 The way was never dark, nor watching long.  
 The thing that happened on that starry morn  
 Sustained them down the distances of years;  
 The Christ Child, innocent though mortal-born,  
 Lay in their hearts, a solace for all tears;  
 All ways of life were evermore to them  
 A narrow path that led to Bethlehem.

RUTH E. HOPKINS.

**ECSTASY**

Angel voices filled the skies  
 With the hymns of paradise,  
 Rent the snow-pale dark of night  
 With the blaze of heaven's light.  
 Shepherds, too, with happy song,  
 Went the frozen road along,  
 Went with dawn's deep inner blue  
 Lighting them the darkness through.  
 Yet we did not hear you sing,  
 Mother of the Infant King,  
 Love that gave you boundless bliss,  
 Did it give no song for this?  
 Was your rapture so complete,  
 Mary, and your life so sweet,  
 That your joy would be too strong  
 With the added bliss of song?

J. R. N. MAXWELL, S.J.

**THE TREES, THEY KNOW**

The trees they know His time is near  
 Their gorgeous robes they've laid away  
 And standing bare and brown and sere  
 They cry, like John, "Make straight His way!"  
 The trees they know. How could they wear  
 Their robe of white on Christmas morn  
 If all their red-gold leaves were there?  
 It would be motely, stained and torn!  
 The trees, they *know* and gladly shake  
 Their earthly glory to the breeze.  
 Lord, that I had the grace to take  
 An Advent lesson from Thy trees!

GRACE H. SHERWOOD.

**A DREAM OF CHRISTMAS**

I lingered at the stable door,  
 A Child to see.  
 The straw upon that grimy floor  
 Unclean, unsweet and trampled o'er,  
 Too clean for me.  
 But shone there full upon my face  
 The light of lovely Mary's grace;  
 For I saw clasped in her embrace  
 Divinity.  
 In worship at the Baby's feet  
 Stood shepherds three.  
 Sweet words did honest lips repeat  
 And honest hands bear gifts as sweet,  
 Unblushingly.  
 I saw Him raise a hand to bless  
 And smile with human happiness;

But well I knew that this largess  
 Was not for me.  
 So I in darkness stayed apart  
 From those blest three,  
 With empty hands and guilty heart  
 In fear that made the teardrops start,  
 Lest He should see!  
 When lo! He called me to His side  
 And claimed the heart I sought to hide.  
 Would God, I had that moment died!  
 He smiled on me.

MARGARET KOESSLER.

**THE FIRST CHRISTMAS NIGHT**

Within the cave the Infant Child  
 Lies in a manger rude,  
 Beside him Joseph, meek and mild,  
 And Mary, sweet and good.  
 The moon shines in the starlit sky  
 And sheds a halo bright  
 On Mary's brow, filled full of love,  
 And Jesus', crowned with light.  
 Beside His stall, the shepherds stand  
 With firstlings from the fold,  
 And stooping, place them near His hand  
 All pure, all white and cold.  
 Outside the frosty midnight air—  
 (Nor ever do they cease)—  
 Resounds with ceaseless carolings  
 To men of gentle peace.  
 Each one of Heaven's angel band  
 Joins in those carols sweet,  
 As kings come from far distant land  
 The new born God to greet.  
 Both kings and shepherds quickly came  
 On that first Christmas night  
 As angels praised the Holy Name  
 Of the sweet King of Light.

MARK O. SHRIVER.

**SHRINE AND STABLE**

Ah, Self of Ancientry  
 Whom men, through Mary, brother;  
 How may Your feigned heart-fellows be  
 Mislikers of Our Mother?  
 For such are they, sight-held,  
 Who honor not, the Woman  
 And so, in You, have long expelled  
 The Highest from the Human;  
 As would the Powers Ungraced  
 Who, visioning the Lowly,  
 Denied the Queened—the thirdly placed  
 From You and Your All-Holy.  
 O Fleshed of her, would all  
 Who claim we demi-God her  
 Could see their Cause within a stall,  
 Their Food upon its fodder!  
 Nay, her—whom they misdoubt—  
 The Slime of naught made able  
 To bring that birth of Worm about  
 So fitting in a stable.  
 Then would they know, as we,  
 No greater creatural glory  
 Than sharing God's Humility:  
 The germ of Mary's story.

FRANCIS CARLIN.



## SINCE BETHLEHEM

Since Bethlehem  
Expectant mothers walk within  
A haze of gold.  
Each naked stranger born to us  
Comes as the Gift of Christmas morn to us.

When winds blow up unkindly cold,  
Then pity to the shelterless that roam  
Despondently!  
In their plea  
We hear His cry  
Who once went begging for a home  
But found it not.

The coat we drape on some poor beggar's form,  
To keep him warm,  
Hangs like an ermine cloak,  
Because our gift is made unto a King.

And even when,  
Unkempt and rude, these mangy vagrants come  
A-whining at our door,  
Still have we no heart but that to succor them,  
Chancing rather to be made the tool  
Of malice or the fool  
Than that the tragedy  
Be lived again.

Blessings on the simple charms  
Of aged folk,  
Doting and tottering!  
Lost in the glories that have been,  
Be all their ills forgot.  
Sweet be their dreams forevermore!  
Are not they all,  
Since blessed Bethlehem,  
Become as children small,  
Reaching speechlessly  
For All-Embracing Arms!

RAYMOND R. COSGROVE, S.J.

## SONGS FOR CHRISTMAS

*Mary's Song*

Drop dew ye heavens from above!  
The clouds have rained my God, my Love,  
My King, whose power none may know,  
My Son whose cheek is wet with snow.  
(O Littlest! O Loveliest!  
Thy cheek at last upon my breast!)

The earth hath opened and put forth  
The Saviour of the south and north,  
Deliverer of east and west!  
(O fingers curling on my breast!  
O hungry mouth! O restless feet!  
Not Gabriel dreams Thou art so sweet.)

*My Song*

Melchior brings Him heavy gold.  
(All I have for you  
Is the gold mist-ring the moon  
Thrusts her finger through.)

Frankincense from Balthazar.  
(Can I make you know  
How the blue smoke curls above  
Flames upon the snow?)

Out from Gaspar's scarlet sleeve  
Comes the box of myrrh.  
(O precious is the bitterness  
Of memories astir!)

MARY H. DWYER.

## REVIEWS

**Daniel O'Connell: The Irish Liberator.** By DENIS GWYNN. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$5.00.

In the rather lengthy "Introduction" to this latest biography of the Great Liberator, Mr. Gwynn succinctly appraises the quality of O'Connell's character and achievement, the influences that moulded him, and the attitudes taken by those who have subsequently written about him. The "Introduction" speaks more plainly and decisively than the chapters that follow, for the author here expresses his own judgments. When he comes to the detailed narrative he seems to prefer a more objective method of strictly material-presentation. Nevertheless, through a process of selection he does build up a strong case for O'Connell. He has re-examined the mass of evidence found in O'Connell's public addresses and private correspondence; he links these two sources very neatly in many instances. And from his re-examination of the written word, and from his new appraisals of incidents and men, he has drawn a portrait that differs considerably from the earlier biographies. The net result is a work that is convincing and even authoritative. F. X. T.

**Chiseled in Air.** By CATHERINE M. BRESNAN. New York: Literary Publications. \$2.00.

This exquisite little book, bound in blue and silver, is a delight to look at, to hold, and to read. It is full of most delicate craftsmanship, and, what is more significant, of most delicate wisdom. Catherine M. Bresnan's poetry has not as yet reached its "compelling" stage, but it is bound to. She is already an authentic poet. She can only escape becoming a superior poet by dying or refusing to sing. Against both of which catastrophes this reviewer is constrained most humbly to pray. In this charming volume she is shedding the pin feathers of her girlhood; playfulness is evolving into wistfulness and losing none of its feminine quality in the advance to maturity. She has an exuberant imagination, an admirable restraint, and a splendid irony that is always provoking and always tender. Little flashes of her power are best revealed in the excellencies of poems like "Intricate Confession," "Testimony," "Souvenir," "Enemy Within," "Because My Mind," "New York," "Silverpoint," and "Coward's Foil." And there are many lines in the book as truly wonderful as these:

As a hare on leaves  
I'd know exciting rest.

To the small shelf of Catholic American poets who sing with freedom and faith this volume will be a graceful addition. And no library of our convent schools should be without it. It will set young Catholic girls who like to write poetry on the right road. L. F.

**Sex Education and Training in Chastity.** By REV. FELIX M. KIRSCH, O.M. CAP., PH.D., LITT. D. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$3.75.

An immense amount of research work has been put into this book, and the fields of theory and of practice have been covered extensively. Father Kirsch's collation of material is comprehensive and his references exact, varied and inclusive, so that the volume may be regarded rightly as a source book on this important matter. That "each single case must be treated individually" (p. 139) may be taken as the keynote of the book, for Father Kirsch would have all instruction personal, private, suited to the need of the individual child, given by the right persons—and these are primarily the parents—and at the right moment. "The right moment, however, depends upon the mind, the character, and the environment of each child, and hence there may be no group instruction in this subject" (pp 133-4). Other positions are accepted as fundamental: the inefficiency of knowledge alone; the fact that "more is gained by idealism than by stark realism, that chastity is promoted more by a hopeful outlook than by gloomy views" (p. 346); and, finally and above all, the influence of religion. A high yet practical idealism is stamped out large on the

book, wherein a truly sane and thoroughly Catholic note is sounded everywhere. Father Kirsch makes telling use of the recent Encyclical on the Christian Education of Youth, quoting it time and again in confirmation of the matter in hand. There may be a difference of opinion on some minor points of practical procedure, but on the main big questions Father Kirsch has given us a manual that may well be thumbed by parents, priests, and teachers who must face this difficult task; for it is a painful truth that "it has struck sex o'clock in America," and the innocence of ignorance—if it be with us at all these days—must, for safety sake, give way to the innocence of knowledge, fortified with the aggressive power to conviction that chastity is perfect chivalry in a boy, and truest womanhood in a girl. F. P. LEB.

**The Great Mistake.** By JOHN KNOX. Washington, D. C.: National Foundation Press, Inc. \$3.00.

This is a book that purports to show that Herbert Hoover is an internationalist, an American only by the accident of birth, a failure as President of the United States, undeservedly rated "a great engineer," and very dubiously worthy of our esteem for his part in "Feeding the Belgians." On the jacket covering the book is the very pertinent question: "Can Herbert Hoover explain his past?" The questions raised in the course of the text are challenging and impressive. Demands for direct answers to these questions are based on printed and obtainable accounts as they appeared in the *London Times*, the *Congressional Record*, Court proceedings in England, and Senatorial investigation in the United States. The average citizen, called upon to vote for Mr. Hoover or his projects is entitled to a fair answer, for without such a reply no one can rationally flatter himself that he can vote intelligently. Mr. Knox is cautious in making accusations against Mr. Hoover, but he is bold and effective in his selection of damaging documents that clamor for denial or enlightening disproof. M. J. S.

**R. V. R.: The Life and Times of Rembrandt Van Rijn.** By HENDRICK WILLEM VAN LOON. New York: Horace Liveright. \$5.00.

Here is an amazingly photographic study of Holland in the seventeenth century, a Holland in which the people of Rembrandt's masterpieces live and breathe and jostle us in the streets of Amsterdam. Mr. Van Loon uses the device of an imaginary ancestor, a Dr. Joannis Van Loon, friend and benefactor of the painter, who records the events of his day in a diary and this diary is the present "Life and Times of Rembrandt Van Rijn." The title, however, seems ill-chosen, for in this volume of almost six hundred large pages of small print there is relatively little of Rembrandt Van Rijn. The book opens with a prologue in which we see the painter lowered into his grave. From there on we encounter him at fitful intervals only to have him crowded out of the picture to make way for the wars and political intrigues of the time, a procedure quite satisfactory to the student of history, but something of a trial to the patience of a "Rembrandt-ter." In making the master the comparatively inconsequential figure he appeared to the hard-headed burghers of his day, Mr. Van Loon, perhaps, achieves a certain "historical unity," drawing his leading character to the proper scale. Like the Babbitts of seventeenth-century Amsterdam he "puts the painter in his place"—and Rembrandt's place three hundred years ago was insignificant enough—a far, far cry from the Louvre. However, we are shown a Rembrandt of flesh and blood, a tragic figure pathetically out of step with his practical, business-minded townsmen, turning out masterpieces by the light of a candle, while his household tumbles around him. Here is a man in the grip of an all-powerful obsession, working from dawn to dawn with his problem of light, and ending in blindness, poverty and worldly neglect, a man whose importance to those about him is summed up in a short sentence quoted from the book, "Who wants to paint when the world needs mills?" Altogether it is a well-balanced portrait, along with one of Saskia and Hendrickje Stoffels

and some fleeting sketches of Descartes, Spinoza and other familiar personages of the period. Admirers of Rembrandt's etchings will delight in accompanying the master on his strolls through the Ghetto of Amsterdam and in looking over his shoulder while he sketches a beggar destined to live down the ages. And throughout the book they will find some of the finest of Rembrandt's canvases and etchings, admirably reproduced. An exceedingly happy portion of the history is that devoted to early Dutch America, where we meet our old school-history friend, Peter Stuyvesant, and find him quite human. Then there is the beautiful portrait of a Jesuit missionary at his lonely post in the uncharted wilderness, working among the Indians and meeting inevitable martyrdom. Returning to Holland we have an illuminating picture of the science of surgery as practiced in the seventeenth century, before the discovery of anesthesia and we are shown something of the science of war. Also we observe that the idea of a relationship between Commerce and Mars is by no means of 1930 copyright. J. F. H.

### BOOKS AND AUTHORS

**Religious Art.**—As vivid as black and white may be in bold contrast are the offerings of James Reid in "The Life of Christ in Woodcuts" (Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.00). All of these cuts are subjects for study, in their symbolism, their suggestion, and also in their harsh, bold and at times grotesque technique. The series contains subjects from the Annunciation through the life of Christ till the Ascension. Certain parts are overemphasized, for example that dealing with the murder of the Holy Innocents. But the continuity is ordinarily good and complete. The symbolism of the woodcut on the birth of Christ might be interpreted in an unorthodox sense; two dealing with the boyhood of Christ and picturing lovers on their way would seem, in their real meaning, to be contrary to Catholic truth. The illustrations are offered without text or comment.

Lorinda Munson Bryant's publications for children seem to be uniformly instructive and inspirational. "The Children's Book of Religious Pictures" (Century. \$2.50) contains reproductions of some of the great masterpieces of all the ages, from earliest times to our own. The selection is good. Opposite the picture is a page of text that usually explains the occasion or origin of the picture, an appreciation of it and a paragraph about the artist and his other works. This volume should be a valuable assistance to the mother or teacher who wishes to turn the children's minds early to art and religion.

**Rural Matters.**—Persons interested in the aspects of rural life today will find a useful manual in "Introduction to Rural Sociology," (Richard R. Smith. \$2.50.), by Charles Russell Hoffer, Ph.D., New York. Much of the information on this topic has been available only in monographs or special studies, or else in treatises not entirely practical for workers in the rural field. Dr. Hoffer's handbook avoids technicalities, while presenting in agreeable form the results of the latest researches. Common sense is found throughout, as in the treatment of the rural family, its needs and its weaknesses. One regrets, however, that Von Tun-geln's birth-control theory of the "two children family" is allowed (page 37) even the suggestion of being a reasonable solution to population problems.

"Only an intelligent resident rural pastor can keep the idols, the ghosts, the totems and the little demons out," writes the Rev. Warren H. Wilson, Director Town and Country Department, Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., in "The Country Church and Public Affairs," (Macmillan. \$2.00.), a collection of papers on Protestant problems, edited by Henry W. McLaughlin. The ghosts of inefficiency and dwindling numbers, the idols of "socialized churches," the totems of sectional or family pride, the little demons of denominational rivalries are discussed by intelligent rural pastors and laymen, chiefly from a conservative point of view. The book is a picture of the endeavors made by rural ministers to save a situation menaced by materialism and disunion. Paper



No. VIII, arguing that "United Churches Solve the Country Church Problem," is contradicted flatly by Paper No. IX, that "United Churches Do Not Solve the Country Church Problems."

"The Black Man Among the Black Men" would seem to deal with members of the colored race. However, the little volume thus entitled: "L'Homme noir chez les hommes noirs," by Father Louis Théolier, S.J., tells not of African missions, but of the black-robed apostle of rural life, Father Félix Volpette, S.J., 1856-1922, whose "black men" were French coal miners. Father Volpette was not only an indefatigable apostle to these once neglected people in the vicinity of Lyons, but the founder of a remarkable work for their benefit: the "workmen's gardens," by means of which some 1,550 workmen's families are today provided with a stabilizing, elevating influence, the best specific against unbelief and Communism. An unusual mixture of enterprise and patience, the "black man" knew his people thoroughly, and left behind him a record of tenacious achievement.

**The Church and the Liturgy.**—Much assistance is offered to students of the Liturgy of the Church by "Liturgia," (Paris: Bloud et Gay. 57 francs), a French work edited by the Abbé L. Aigrain. The plan followed in this handy, illustrated volume of over 1,000 pages but of thin paper is that of a "popular encyclopedia of liturgical knowledge"—as described on the title page—where "various phases of liturgical science or doctrine would be competently treated by specialists and arranged according to a general plan. Beginning with principles established by theology, the ministers of the liturgy are studied in their due order and the articles they make use of, from the church and the altar to the vestments and sacred vessels . . . then the various liturgical families . . . the practical means of penetrating our life with the liturgical spirit." The work was suggested by the German productions of Maria Laach. The illustrations are interesting from the historical point of view. One misses, however, even a few representations or diagrams of modern liturgical articles and structures. There should at least be a few drawings to illustrate what is taught concerning the altar and the tabernacle. The discussion of the liturgy and prayer, on page 64, assigns a rather narrow role (the "moral virtues") to meditation. The book has an index, a detailed table of contents, and a little "lexicon of the principal authorities on the liturgy."

Since the days of the Abbé Klein, admirer of Roosevelt, the growth of the Church in the United States has excited interest in France. The well-known publicist, however, the Abbé Lugan, regrets that still many misconceptions persist. The violent onslaughts of a writer like Duhamel seem to him to call for counter-statement. This recent little book, "Le Catholicisme aux Etats-Unis" (Paris: Letouzey et Ané) draws a picture of American Catholicism for French readers. The present greatness of the Church in this country he ascribes to Cardinal Gibbons and the great prelates of his time, "who acquired citizenship for Catholicism in the great Republic." The N.C.W.C. is studied in detail; the annual meeting of the Hierarchy, the work of the Paulist Fathers, and the history of the Sulpician Fathers in this country are interestingly described. Catholic education, however, especially Catholic higher education, is left almost completely out of the picture. This constitutes a real weakness in M. Lugan's presentation, for it is Catholic education, more than anything else, which has been the predominating factor in acquiring "citizenship" for the Church in the United States; and, besides the Church's actual ministrations, is the principal source of her vitality in this country at the present time.

**Commemorating Vergil.**—To the general advancement of Vergilian scholarship in the United States no university has been more faithful than Princeton. The classic tradition, jettisoned by most of the larger and more influential schools, is still earnestly fostered. In a memorial volume, "The Tradition of Vergil," (Princeton Univ. Press. \$2.00) there are three excellent papers by Professors Junius S. Morgan, Kenneth McKenzie and Charles G. Osgood on the history and influence of the poet. Mr. Mor-

gan's essay on Vergilian texts is an adequate summary of extensive scholarship and Mr. McKenzie's critical study of "Virgil and Dante" remains a beautiful tribute to two masters, equally deserving. The concluding paper by Mr. Osgood entitled "Virgil and the English Mind" constitutes a graceful acknowledgement of the contribution of the Roman poet to the foremost singers of the language. "The Tradition of Vergil" is a splendid witness to the enduring quality of the classic heritage.

A still more difficult task has been attempted by T. H. Delabère May, M.A. in "The Aeneid of Virgil" (Dutton. \$5.00). Mr. May has offered a literal translation into blank verse with the text on the opposite page. His translation, based on the work of D. Nutt, is the result of many years of study and revision, and considering the self-imposed limitations attendant upon a literal and material translation the work is as successful as possible. The quality of the verse appears to be somewhat hampered by the very compactness which is its chief merit. It is a triumph of scholarship, if not of art.

The Harvard University Press adds to its series on the poet a slim study by Bruno Nardi, "The Youth of Virgil," (Harvard Univ. Press. \$2.00) translated by Belle Palmer Rand. It is an extremely erudite essay, not without interpretative value, bulwarked with textual criticism and bristling with references. A dash of scholarly spice is added in the appendices, wherein Professor Nardi defends the thesis that Vergil was born in Pietole. At best a supplementary study, "The Youth of Virgil" may interest some savants who distrusted Mr. Conway's aberration in his "The Vergilian Age."

Nor has the juvenile mind been neglected. In "Singing Seamen" (Century. \$1.75) Helen Voale Crew has managed to tell the story of the Aeneid in an attractive and somewhat faithful fashion. While by no means a children's classic it is nevertheless an excellent antidote to the shockers that dominate the junior market.

**Varia.**—Who were the parents, who were the godparents of the present capitalistic system is a question history is far from having fully answered. Was the industrial revolution, particularly in England, due to the religious revolution? Were the Puritans, for instance, the actual authors of the new economy? The Rev. J. B. Kraus, S.J., of the Catholic University of Tokyo, answers this question with keen distinctions and evidences of long research, in his study, "Scholastik, Puritanismus, und Kapitalismus" (Munich and Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. Paper: 14 marks). His conclusions may be roughly summed up in his words (page 307): "That English economic structure (*Wirtschaft*) took this direction [of capitalistic development] is to be ascribed not to any particular characteristics of religion, but to the economic conditions. But that it could take this course in such a free and unimpeded fashion, is to be 'credited' to the removal of ancient limits and constraints that went hand in hand with the movement for religious emancipation." The discussion is preceded by a thorough analysis of the scholastic doctrine on property and the "just price."

Paul Robeson is probably the most general favorite of any living Negro in the public light. Popular as an actor, he carries everything before him as a singer, casting a real spell over his audiences; and has personally a host of friends of both races. In "Paul Robeson, Negro" (Harper. \$2.50) Eslanda Goode Robeson tells his story confessedly, and simply, as "an adoring wife." Her tale shows that the development of Robeson's talents was incalculably aided by his having enjoyed the advantages of a thorough collegiate education, with the helpful background of a traditionally educated home. Yet early training and adult success instead of spoiling his simplicity of purpose, seem to have engendered it. "If I can teach my audiences," he said, "who know almost nothing about the Negro, to know him through my songs and through my roles, as I have learned to know the sea without even actually having been near it—then I will feel that I am an artist, and that I am using my art for myself, for my race, for the world."

## Communications

*Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.*

### Missing Works of Father Faber Sought

To the Editor of AMERICA:

One who is doing thesis work in connection with the writings of Father Faber would like to purchase or borrow copies of certain of his works which are no longer in print. Readers of AMERICA who have such works and would be willing to dispose of them are asked to send details, in care of the Editorial Office of AMERICA.

To avoid unnecessary correspondence, a list of the works of Father Faber which are still in print and therefore accessible is presented: "All for Jesus"; "Spiritual Conferences"; "Growth in Holiness"; "Creator and Creature"; "Foot of the Cross"; "Blessed Sacrament"; "Precious Blood"; "Bethlehem"; "Hymns"; two volumes of "Notes"; a translation of "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin"; "Ethel's Book"; and "The Weeping Angel."

The missing matter which is being sought includes some lives of saints, poems long and short, and divers essays.

Fribourg, Switzerland.

A. F. S.

### "This Racktending Business"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

From the delightful article, "This Pamphlet and Racktending Business," by Lillian Clark, in the issue of AMERICA for November 15, come to my mind some questions.

Why is this "spontaneous interest in the knowledge and spread of the greatest of treasures the Catholic Faith" found in only a few isolated pamphlet racks in the large cities? Why do many serve merely as receptacles for lost beads, prayer books and what not? How is it possible to brush up a rack or keep it alive? Would increased cooperation of clergy and laity help?

As can readily be seen from the results obtained, this particular Racktender is untiring in her efforts and heartily interested in her rack, as well as enthusiastic about her pamphlets. No doubt it would surely become an organized activity if we could find more with the whole-hearted enthusiasm of St. Paul's Racktender. May we hope this splendid article will rouse others to the realization of the great possibilities in the pamphlet apostolate!

New York.

M. M. M.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It seems to me that the achievement of St. Paul's Racktender is nothing less than a triumph in Catholic Action.

Much of the best in current religious literature is in pamphlet form these days, and yet it is next to impossible in many places to arouse interest in a rack. I have tried it. Might we have the secret of the success of this world-record racktender?

Cincinnati.

CLUBMAN.

### Books for Younger Readers

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article in the issue of AMERICA for November 29, by James A. Greeley, S.J., entitled "Why Not a Book?" was timely, comprehensive, instructive; altogether a most valuable guide to better books. It should be retained by readers of AMERICA as a reference list of permanent value in purchasing books for themselves or for their friends.

As no books were mentioned for younger readers, I should like to suggest two books recently published by Benziger Brothers: "Harry Brown of Barchester," by William F. Hendrix, S.J., and "Brass Knuckles," by the Rev. Raymond J. O'Brien. It is my opinion and the opinion of many others that these two books are among the best boy stories that have been written for many a day. Father Hendrix's delightful story of Harry Brown will bring joy

to the hearts of many a boy in the upper grades and to those in high school. "Brass Knuckles" is a gangster story well told and will be read with avidity by boys of all ages. These two books will make very suitable Christmas presents for boy readers.

I know of no better way of promoting good morals and high ideals and at the same time dispensing honest-to-goodness pleasure than by giving Catholic stories as Christmas or birthday presents.

There are a number of other fine Catholic authors for boys, whose books you will find in most Catholic bookstores. Mary T. Waggaman's stories and those by the Rev. H. J. Heagney are excellent for the ten-year-old boy or girl. For boys of twelve years and over, the Father Finn stories and the adventure stories of Fathers Spalding and Gross fill the bill nicely. Two other well-known Jesuit authors for boys are Father Robert E. Holland and Father Neil Boyton. Our foremost lay Catholic writers for boys are probably William Heyliger and Irving T. McDonald. Mr. Heyliger has more than a score of such books to his credit; he knows boys and has a knack of dishing out stories that boys find much to their liking. Mr. McDonald, a product of Holy Cross College, has written four stories for boys and is responsible for keeping many boys out of bed way past their bed-time hour.

Baltimore.

FRANK J. AYD, M.D.

### Georgetown in 1819

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The following is an excerpt from W. Faux' (an English Protestant farmer of liberal sentiments) "Memorable Days in America: Being a Journal of a Tour to the United States" (London, 1823):

I visited the Catholic university at Georgetown, to witness the ceremony, previous to the vacation, something like the Commencement, at Cambridge. I found a large and splendid assemblage of bishops, doctors, priests, pupils and spectators of all ranks and religions. The young gentlemen delivered their orations after which they received prizes and degrees from the hands of the archbishop. This institution is said to be highly respectable and is open to all sects and parties in religion or politics; it is therefore a nursery of great men for all sections of the empire. Although Catholic, it professes not to make proselytes; yet many pupils are induced to adopt this faith, and nearly all seem to part and meet with their preceptors here as with kind and indulgent parents" (July 28, 1819. Pp. 117-118).

This will doubtless interest those of your readers who are alumni of Georgetown University.

Washington.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

### Old Greeting Cards

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I quote from Mr. C. D. Simons, S.J., now doing missionary work at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China? He is looking for prizes for his seventy or eighty school boys, ranging from seven to fourteen years in age. He asks for old Christmas cards, Easter cards, holy cards or medals, or any kind of illustrated postcard, not necessarily religious. These make excellent prizes and will help lead his little pagans, he says, to study Christ our Lord.

You may be surprised to learn that not one of my two classes of "Chinklets" is a Catholic or Christian. It would take too long to tell how it comes they study catechism, but that is the fact. Some of the better ones receive Baptism when they grow up, and the Lord, we trust, has mercy on the rest. So if you have some cards (don't mind how much they are written on, as long as they have lots of color) please bundle them off to China, and be sure and mark on the outside "Old postcards, of no value"; otherwise we will have to pay duty on them. Those I don't use others will.

This letter comes very opportunely at Christmas time when so many greeting cards are in evidence. It offers a practical way for us stay-at-home missionaries to help in the salvation of pagan souls. Address cards to Mr. C. D. Simons, S.J., Catholic Mission, Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China; or to Missionary Society, Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Wash.

Spokane.

JOHN O'HARA, S.J.

[A list of other addresses where old cards are welcomed was published in the issue of AMERICA for July 5, 1930.—Ed. AMERICA.]